After the Tax Cut *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 15, 1964, 35 cents

Inside the CIA

Percy B. Mills

Robert Kennedy's Future

Murray Kempton

America's Lower Depths

Robert Coles

The Poet as Novelist

George P. Elliott

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Hand It to Lyndon

★ Kennedy forged the nails of the legislation that Johnson is now hammering home. Bang, bang, bang, see them go in! There is the tax bill in the Senate and the House is shortly going to pass the most sweeping civil rights bill of the century by a big majority that will isolate in advance the Southern Senators in their upcoming filibuster, and that will reflect the will of the nation.

Let's hand it to Lyndon. He is probably getting as much out of this Congress as anybody could get; more than Kennedy could have got, we suspect. He may even pull off Medicare.

Congress distrusted Kennedy. They had known him as an inconspicuous Senator (*i.e.*, not Majority Leader) and it was hard to forgive his success. He was an intellectual and in his speeches quoted foreigners the Centerville Senior Class never heard of. His views on economics increasingly challenged America's Victorian folklore.

In retrospect we see now that President Kennedy created the first White House court. Style, grace, elegance filled it with Mrs. Kennedy adding a touch of grandeur. Never forget there was a Camelot! Now as the eggheads quietly depart (Sorenson, Schlesinger) their place is filled by excellent Dr. Eric Goldman, Princeton historian, who will be Intellect-in-Residence (unpaid), ostentatiously picked as the White House puts it to draw "the nation's best thinking" into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Judging by the lack of humor, what the Administration needs even more is a court jester.

We may sigh for things gone, but the Kennedy bills are being passed. The business community distrusted Mr. Kennedy; they did it intuitively; now they are rallying behind President Johnson. Whether this love affair was made in Heaven remains to be seen. Personally we hope not; it always gives us the heebie-jeebies to see Big Business and Big Government cooing in the same love nest. But the houri is being given a $12 billion tax cut and the union is being sanctified with a budget cut and so has the blessing of the Koran itself. Some economists may be aghast wondering whatever happened to tax reforms and whether the proposed stimulus isn't a bit rich for a steady diet, but when did economists ever understand these things? The Johnson program seems to guarantee a pre-election boom, and if the Chamber of Commerce calls it holy it must be all right.

You can see the political effect of this strategy from the sour speeches of Republicans. They make some attacks on Johnson fiscal "legerdemain," but then tend to drop the subject. He has stymied them. More and more they are turning to foreign affairs.

Gigantic Changes

★ Here indeed gigantic changes are occurring irrespective of politics. We won't argue rights and wrongs; we just point them out. Before our eyes the great American postwar effort to isolate Communism by non-recognition and boycott is collapsing. Our friends and neighbors are scrambling to trade with Moscow, Peking and Cuba. Even we are selling wheat to the Russians.

Secondly, we can beat our breast about Vietnam and General de Gaulle, yet the fact is that the situation is deteriorating and unless we are prepared to attack a privileged sanctuary and broaden the war we shall be lucky to escape even with a stalemate. And a stalemate (*i.e.* neutralization) looks like a good thing.

As far as trade with the Communists goes, this column generally favors it. We have earnest friends, whose opinions we respect, who abhor it. But we try to be honest and must say that we think the bonds of exchange and commerce, yes and man's cupidity, can aid peace as well as damage it.

Politically however this is a heaven-sent opportunity for Nixon, Goldwater and Rockefeller too to beat their breasts and wail of failure. If President Johnson tries to work out an accommodation they can chant "soft on Communism." (The same thing is true of Panama; Kennedy had achieved a technical skill after his Bay of Pigs debacle such that the crisis in Panama probably wouldn't even have happened.) It remains to be seen now whether Mr. Johnson can learn the diplomatic ropes fast enough to deal with a changing foreign policy, and whether he has the courage to face certain Republican attack. The alternative their "strong" policy offers in Vietnam is another Korean War.

Senator Douglas

★ There is just space left for two other observations. Looking down at the Senate tax battle, we see the white mane of Illinois' Paul Douglas wherever the fight for the little man is thickest. It is a complex debate but in a legislature of lawyers economist Douglas understands it. In a rich man's tax bill Paul Douglas is fighting for the common man. As we think over the great Senators of the past, Webster and Clay, yes and Norris and LaFollette too, we believe we have one representative of that conscience-driven breed left, Quaker-crusader Douglas.

LBJ and God

★ Does God need a memorial to be built to Him in Washington? President Johnson thinks He does. But then the President also thinks that the true image of Washington is not one of power, pomp and plenty, but of a "prayerful capital of good and God-fearing people."

We mournfully suspect that Mr. Johnson is wrong on both counts. God doesn't need a material memorial, even one that is supported by all religious faiths, which is what the President suggested to International Christian Leadership when he spoke last week at its annual Presidential Prayer Breakfast. God does need pure and contrite hearts. And so does Washington, which could also do with fewer monuments.

Panama Note: Instead of 14,000 people, a *sea-level* canal would take only 600 to run it, with vastly less security risk. Nuclear-cratering would cut the cost of a new canal by an estimated two-thirds. No Isthmusian country, however, is ever again going to give the US sovereign rights.

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After the Tax Cut

It now seems that the tax cut to be provided in the Revenue Act of 1964 will total closer to $12 than $11 billion. Three-quarters of the relief will go to individual taxpayers, the remainder to corporations. Of the cuts in individual taxes, 60 percent will go to 85 percent of the taxpayers, and families with incomes under $3,000 a year will have their income taxes cut by over 60 percent; a million and a half poor people will be relieved from paying any income tax at all. Perhaps it is churlish to look such a gift-horse in the mouth. But, in the excitement over the benefits, there is a danger of the reasoning behind them getting only cursory examination. This would be a pity. Profits, already high, will it is hoped go higher yet once the economy begins to feel the effects of the tax cut. Taxes in other words are being cut in order to try to cure poverty and unemployment by making the rich still richer. This is reasonably sound Keynesian doctrine, and it is satisfactory, if also a bit ironical, that it is receiving the solemn support of many people – the US Chamber of Commerce, the National Small Business Association and so forth – who probably regard themselves as anti-Keynesians. But it is as well to know just what it means and what is really being proposed.

The theory behind the tax cut depends chiefly on two concepts, the "multiplier" and the "accelerator." The multiplier derives from a statistical law that is supposed to govern the behavior of consumers. When they suddenly find themselves with more money, they tend it is said to spend over 90 percent of it. This extra spending generates more income for other consumers, who also spend more freely, and so on through a series of rounds of diminishing strength. It is like the ripples caused by a stone in a pool. The total effect is said to be a multiplier of two; a $9 billion tax cut for individuals theoretically generates $18 billion of extra spending. However, the real object of the exercise is not just to keep consumers happy but to press on the "accelerator." This refers to business investment. As consumers' spending rises, firms feel encouraged to produce more goods. In order to do this they install more machinery or enlarge their operations in other ways. If consumer demand gets strong enough, business activity approaches a "flash point" at which a kind of investment explosion occurs. It is said that this is the centerpiece of any effective attack on unemployment and poverty. The proposed cuts in business taxes added to the investment credits and depreciation reforms will by themselves increase the profitability of investment by more than 35

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percent. Yet profits are at record levels and since 1961 have increased by more than 40 percent – unfortunately without noticeably beneficial effects on unemployment or idle plants.

Senator Douglas suggested, unavailingly of course, that consumers get a bigger and corporations a smaller share of the tax cut. He also has pointed out that removing all the inequities from the tax law would make it possible to cut individual income taxes in half instead of by only a fifth. Between five and six billion dollars are lost each year through capital gains loopholes. Oil and gas depletion allowances cost $2.5 billion a year. Senator Douglas has been trying since 1951 to save the general taxpayers $400 million of this: his plan once got as many as 38 Senate votes. A more modest proposal, by Senator Williams of Delaware, to recoup $40 million has already been quartered and may yet be drawn and hanged. The proposed tax cut also has what Senator Douglas calls a billion dollar bonanza for interstate utilities, which get a guaranteed rate of return and therefore ought to need no special investment inducements, but look like getting tax credits that will not be passed on to consumers in the way of lower rates, though the late Senator Robert S. Kerr earnestly assured apprehensive Senators that the consumers would get the benefit.

Thus the tax legislation is not exactly without blemish. It can be faulted both for the means it chooses to achieve its desired effects, and for not even attempting desirable ends such as most urgent tax reforms. But these blemishes – undue concentration on increasing profits as a means of combating poverty, and failure to tackle glaring inequities – are at the opposite end of the spectrum from the qualms which the tax cut proposals seem to be belatedly causing. Formerly it was said that not passing the legislation might produce serious deflation, because a tax cut had already got built into the expectations and the plans of businesses. But a statement by the Secretary of the Treasury, Douglas Dillon, that once it is signed the bill will generate new spending power at a rate close to $800 million a month (some put it higher than that) appears to have reawakened the fears of those who have supported the legislation because they like the idea of paying lower taxes but whose natural inclination is to regard spending as inherently sinful and an invitation to retributive disaster. They are seriously arguing that the anticipated spending, by pushing the economy closer to fuller employment of both men and machines, creates a threat of inflation. If so, the proper course is not to flee in panic from the tax cut or to demand that the budget be slimmed further, but to face up to the implication that the American economy is incapable of providing more jobs except through rising prices. This remains to be proved: but it is what the President and his economic advisers are talking about, when they mention an early warning system to detect significant price changes, and point to the possible use of monetary policy as a brake. Or as a stimulant. For it is by no means certain that the theoretical multiplier-accelerator effects of a tax cut will actually occur in practice. Monetary policy (which Keynes favored) may still have to be used as benzedrine not as tranquilizer. Meanwhile as President Johnson said in his Economic Report it would be self-defeating to cancel the tax cut by tightening credit through premature fear of inflation. With all its crudities and omissions, the tax cut deserves a fair trial period.

Panama Solution

The US and Panama both painted themselves into corners in their dispute over the future of the Canal. Facing an election in November, President Johnson was reluctant to lay himself open to charges by Barry Goldwater and the imperial Republican Right of knuckling under by revising the treaty. Facing an election in May, President Chiari feared to appear other than immoderate in his demands on the Yanquis. A plan that seems to get a respectful hearing in the Administration is to blast out a sea-level canal with atomic power, then contemptuously toss Panama back her sovereignty along with her Zone. But building such a canal will take years even if it can be done under the test-ban treaty, and besides the best situation for a new canal probably is – Panama.

The real solution of this conundrum may be for the US to make a gift of the existing canal to the Organization of American States, with Americans and Panamanians managing it for the OAS. This would preserve the security about which the Administration seems so fearful. Perhaps Panama would refuse, but would not look well if she did.

Meanwhile, with Cyprus, Malaysia, Panama and maybe British Guiana all on the boil, not to mention Africa and Vietnam, the hope that was once entertained that 1964 might be a peaceful year internationally so as to permit the American Presidential election campaign to focus on domestic issues has long gone with the wind.

Who the Poor Are

Last week in *The New Republic* Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, the author of *An American Dilemma,* indicated some broad strategies for President Johnson's war on poverty that is to be conducted by Mr. Sargent Shriver. In this issue Dr. Robert Coles, the psychologist, tells who the

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poor are from his own experiences with them in various parts of the country. Dr. Cole's observations are strikingly confirmed by the findings of the Charleston Youth Community in West Virginia, whose work has now resulted in a national $12 million, three-year program called Action for Appalachian Youth. The AAY will operate as a kind of domestic Peace Corps in Kanawha County, more than 40 percent of whose young people are unemployed and who grow through adolescent hostility into dull-eyed adult despair.

The Marxist theory of an army of the poor swelling into a revolutionary majority has proved wholly false, but instead the poor have become in our affluent society a sealed-off community with its own crippled values, liable to erupt into crime and psychopathic violence. They form pockets of misery in city slums throughout the land as well as in remote rural areas, and they have to go if society is not to be poisoned. But the way to get rid of them is for the poor who form a sub-class and who think of themselves as such to be absorbed back into society as human beings; and for this the Peace Corps approach is required, just as Dr. Coles and the Administration say. The nation can do no less for Americans than it is already doing for Africans and Asians and other people who need help.

Age of Termination

If "Medicare," the Administration's plan for financing hospital and nursing-home care of the aged, ever gets out of the House Ways and Means Committee, its supporters feel it will pass the House by at least 20 votes, and the Senate by four or five. Wilbur Mills, the committee chairman, seems to have promised that he will let Medicare come to a vote within the committee. The Administration will need to find two more votes; it now can count on only 11 out of 25. The bill's supporters feel sure of Clark W. Thompson, a conservative Democrat from Texas who opposed Medicare in the past but could scarcely afford to turn his back on the President if Mr. Johnson were to appeal to him to vote for the bill in committee so that at least the House might work its will. Thompson could always vote against it on the floor. The second swing vote belongs to John C. Watts, a Democrat from Kentucky. In the past Watts also has seemed to oppose this bill but his position now is vague. The American Medical Association is trying to shore him up and Dr. Annis, the association president, has appeared in Watts' home district.

The arguments for and against this bill have by now been given over completely to the recitation of statistics used by the opposition to make out that the insurance industry aided by the Kerr-Mills act performs its job so well in protecting the sick aged that no further legislation is needed. In fact, insurance companies are not eager to insure the aged. Representative Donald M. Fraser (D, Minn.) quotes a letter from a company to one of his Minneapolis constituents: "During the past several years North American has been privileged to serve your hospital and surgical insurance needs. The policy you now hold contains a certain provision of age qualification. Our records indicate that you have now reached the age of termination and we will be unable to accept any further premiums for the above policy. It has been a pleasure to have been of service to you during the time you were insured under this policy." But Mr. Mills is only 55.

Judgment Day Traffic Jam

In the days when Coca-Cola was still a fountain drink a man said he would tell them how to double their sales if they paid him $50,000. When they laughingly agreed he said, "Bottle it."

No one has come along since with a scheme to match the imagination and spunk of the man who collected the $50,000, but if a car manufacturer were to ask me how to double his sales, or increase them by at least 50 percent, I would say: "Bury them along with people instead of using coffins."

This is so obvious that I would think the archaeologists of some future millenium would be surprised to find the burial of the Twentieth Century American handled in any other fashion. Since Americans travel so much in cars, watch movies in them, conceive and occasionally are born in them, eat in them, sleep in them or in trailers attached to them, read autobiographies by the pioneers of the industry, why in logic not be buried in them too? Chariots were buried with Pharoah, longboats with Norse Kings. The spirits of Chinese Mandarins journeyed to the hereafter along with the smoke of burning paper replicas of palanquins.

The suggestion is historically sound and impactwise would be a stimulant to business. Economists are in agreement that high automobile sales lead the way to a prosperous business year. Burial by car would mean the interment of 1.8 million automobiles a year.

The woman looking out of her furs in the slick magazine advertisement of the future might well proclaim: "I wouldn't be found dead in just any old car." The car as a status symbol in life could become a status symbol without end. On the day of Judgment there would be a great traffic jam of humanity of all races and times stretching as far as the eye can see and riding the road to glory in the best cars they could afford.

This country at least may be ripe for this new approach. A few years ago a rich industrialist provided in his will that he be buried in his new car. Upon his

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death, a large concrete vault was prepared and a great crane obtained to install both car and driver in it. As the car was being slowly lowered into the vault, the sun shimmered brightly upon its highly polished bumpers, fenders and hood. The driver, dressed in white tie and top hat, proudly erect with hands firmly on the wheel, was illuminated by it, a vision of opulence and dignity. As both passed from sight, one young executive from the plant said to another with awe: "That's what I call living."

PAUL D. LAGOMARCINO

CAPITOL HILL

From Resistance to Resignation

The House of Representatives proceeded through the first stages of its part in passing the civil rights bill in the sort of atmosphere that pleases President Johnson's ear and delights admirers of his talent as orchestrator. The effects he enjoys are more Kostelanetz than Toscanini and his compositions soothe more than stir.

The history of debates on civil rights in the Congress has been of an apathetic majority which declines and of a committed minority which stands fast. This time boredom was most pronounced in the minority; the Southerners brought small passion and, as the week went on, a smaller and smaller number of votes to the resistance. If the mood of their seniors in the Senate is not much better than this, the battle here may be much shorter and quieter than tradition had led us to expect.

What interest there was in the proceedings came from the chance that Charles Halleck, the Republican leader, might work some small mischief or that Mr. Johnson might pick up a number of Southern votes for the bill, less because he needed them than as trophies of his skill at legislative persuasion. The early stages of the process brought neither of those breaks in the expected routine.

The first test came on the voting provision. The Southerners tried to knock out a provision which would give the Attorney General power to ask for a three-judge panel in cases where one federal district judge proved either slow or stubborn in processing voter registration complaints. When the House divided for teller votes, Halleck left the floor while Congressmen Leslie Arends, the Republican Whip, and John Byrnes, chairman of the Republican Policy Commission, walked through with the Southerners, who got 125 votes. There was talk then of Republican mischief, which was discounted with significant speed by Congressman Edward Willis, the Southern floor leader and one man who might be expected to be encouraged by these apparent recruits if he had any hope of keeping them. He lost them almost immediately.

The President could be gratified by solid successes without being able to boast of any miracles. There was some talk that Hale Boggs, the Democratic Whip and a Louisianian, might be brought to vote for the bill; instead, by general consent of the parties, he spent the week concentrating on his judicial rather than his legislative duties and could be found only at the hearings of the Warren Commission. The President had also hoped to get the votes of seven of Texas' 21 Democratic Congressmen; he seemed to be getting about four on the teller divisions. Still, three Florida Democrats and, most surprising of all, Charles Weltner, a freshman Democrat from Georgia, voted consistently against attempts to weaken the bill.

The civil rights group had never had a lobby so large, so careful and less necessary. Its refinements included the presence in the galleries of a spotter to watch each state delegation; no Congressman, inclined to do some small favor to a Southern brother, could hope to slip unnoticed into the opposition bloc in a teller division. It is one fact of battle, that, when an army is seen to have reached its maximum pitch of efficiency, the campaign is over.

MURRAY KEMPTON

The Succession

Senator Frank Church (D, Idaho) wants to amend the Constitution so as to leave to the House of Representatives the final selection of a Vice President chosen to fill a vacancy in that office. By his plan, the President with the advice and consent of the Senate would nominate between two and five persons qualified for the post, and then the House would immediately choose one of them to be Vice President. This would be done by ballot. The choice would be by a majority of the 435 Representatives, and 290 (two-thirds) would be required for a quorum. Senator Church says that this procedure would ensure that the new Vice President would be acceptable to the President, but the Senate's scrutiny would ensure that the nominees were fully qualified for the second highest office in the nation, while the final choice would rest with the House, which is most representative of the people.

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FOREIGN REPORTS

The New Hungary

Budapest

★ When the train from Vienna stops at the Hungarian frontier, the guards (in ill-fitting Soviet uniforms) still take your passports, but they no longer look for unauthorized passengers hiding beneath the seats. The customs official examines suit-cases perfunctorily.

My train was full of Hungarians returning from visits abroad. A lady next to me had just visited her son, an engineer, who left the country during the 1956 revolt. I was surprised that she had gotten a passport to visit a "traitor to the Socialist fatherland." But she saw nothing unusual about it. Many people nowadays are going abroad to see relatives who left in 1956, she said. Nobody hesitates to admit this when he files an application for a passport, and it usually takes only two or three months to get one.

One's first impression of Budapest is still marred by the inefficiency (proverbial in all Communist countries) of the tourist services, little improved since I last visited Hungary in 1958. But the shops are now well stocked with all kinds of goods, the crowds are relatively well dressed, and new construction is everywhere. The mood of the people has changed too. In 1958 the town was busy obliterating the marks of the 1956 fighting, and nobody was willing to talk to a foreigner. Now everybody asked, in broken German, French, English or even Russian, what I thought about their country. Then, without waiting for a long reply, they told me their own opinion: "My wife and I earn 2,000 forints a month. We live modestly but decently. Nowadays you can live once again in this country. . . ." Or alternatively, "You say things are better here. But that is only an illusion. To buy all the nice things you see in the display windows, to live decently, you need 4,000 forints a month. Even a director doesn't earn so much."

At the tourist exchange rate Hungary isn't an expensive country. Even textiles, footwear and electrical appliances are only slightly more expensive than they are in Western Europe or the US. The salaries, however, are much lower than in any West European country. A minor official, typist or unskilled laborer is happy to make 1,000 forints ($40) a month. A skilled worker or higher official will make 1,500 to 2,000 forints ($60 to $80) a month. Of course, the state provides free medical service, cheap transportation and extremely low rent, so the wages aren't as low as they seem. Still, the apparent abundance of consumer goods is probably a result of weak purchasing power, not high production. On the other hand, thousands of Hungarians somewhere find money to patronize the private shops of Budapest's Vacy Utze, the most important shopping center in the Communist world.

Yet perhaps the changes in the economy only reflect changes in the political climate of Hungary. A few years ago Janos Kadar, the former victim of Stalinist terror who agreed to help Khrushchev put down the 1956 uprising, was universally regarded as a modern Judas. Today, while few Hungarians love him, many speak with respect of his moderation and good sense. Many consider him by far the most soft spoken and tolerant of the Communist leaders. A foreign diplomat, who speaks Hungarian and sees Kadar often, describes him as a man of great natural mildness and delicacy. Kadar, he feels, had suffered so much from the hands of his Hungarian Stalinist torturers, and his health has been so gravely impaired in consequence, that he wants to spare his compatriots further sufferings. Others say that at meetings of the world's Communist leaders it is Kadar who preaches moderation and urges constant efforts to improve the relations between East and West Europe. He is said to be Khrushchev's principal ally.

Kadar's new credo that "whoever is not actively against us is for us" reversed the early Soviet doctrine that "he who is not with us is against us." This approach has made Hungary seem (with Poland) the most liberal country of the Soviet bloc. And in Budapest, unlike Warsaw, individual liberty is still growing. While the Hungarian regime encourages contacts with non-Communist countries and throws its gates open to foreign visitors, Neo-Stalinists have increasing influence in Warsaw and work to cut Poland off from the West. The Hungarian people may not forgive Kadar for his role in 1956, but they certainly support his present efforts. As a result, the Communist regime in Hungary today enjoys more popular support than similar regimes in countries where there were no anti-Communist uprisings.

PHILIP BEN

GERMANY: *Exposing the Horrors*

★ Ewald Peters was the chief German bodyguard of Chancellor Erhard during Erhard's December visit to President Johnson's Texas ranch. Peters' arrest last week as a war criminal, and his cell suicide, provide a grim footnote to the largest German war crimes trial, now being heard in Frankfurt and expected to last from six to eight months. Twenty-two officers of the SS branch which ran Auschwitz are involved. Most of their superiors were hanged by order of Polish military tribunals years ago. Since neither identity nor complicity is in question, only degree of culpability, they are certain to be sentenced either to life imprisonment or 15

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THEY SAY

This Administration is going to be a compassionate Administration. We believe in the Golden Rule of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you – *President Johnson.*

If an innkeeper refuse to entertain a guest when his house is not full, an action will lie against him – *Chief Justice Holt, 1701.*

Jo did good work in one-room school but didn't want to go on to the big junior high school because she didn't like to wear dresses made from empty cow feed sacks – *A Kanawha County mother.*

Senate-House conferences take place in darkness; nobody knows what goes on – *Senator Douglas.*

In Panama, the rich get richer and the poor become poorer. Panamanian wealth is invested in other countries than Panama, or banked in secret bank accounts – *Letter from American in Canal Zone to James B. Utt (R, Calif.).*

President Sukarno's claim that Malaysia is a source of instability which weakens Indonesia's own ability to withstand Chinese expansionism is almost as if Mussolini had claimed that the conquest of Abyssinia would enable him to resist the blandishments of Hitler's Germany – *"The Statist," London.*

We have been financing our foreign assistance operations and military expenses abroad by borrowing money abroad from foreign governments and institutions – *Senator Stuart Symington (D, Mo.).*

years; they cannot be executed in federal Germany.

Hundreds of thousands of people were worked and starved to death in an unkind climate under the eyes of these men; over a half million were gassed and burned directly on arrival at the railroad sidings that ended in Auschwitz-Birkenau. They saw it all; administered it, and made records of it. They were able to do the things they did only partly because they are all rather stupid and conformist.

Observers of Germany have heard this terrible story so many times and in such detail that constant nausea has reached almost the point of indifference. History of the most painful, sordid and controversial kind is raked up over and over again. What does it achieve for anybody? Nobody is tried in France for the Algerian camps where about a million died. Not one man has ever been put on trial in Russia for the millions worked to death in Siberia; in both cases, otherwise dissimilar, heads roll only if those responsible are otherwise dangerous to the men or man in power. Why, then, this trial and the others which are undoubtedly still to come?

Nobody outside Germany can any longer force the Germans to expose their own horrors; they do it themselves. They don't like it, they would much prefer not to go over it all again; but they do. But European Jewish intellect, in whatever language, belonged to German culture for many hundreds of years; and the knowledge of having cut off that living thread has mysteriously jumped the 12-year gap of the Nazi paranoia.

The other reason is that the massacre of gypsies and Jews is entirely mad; it frightens by its pathological unreason. It used troop railways and supplies that were desperately needed for the Eastern front; it could not be rationalized even to those in a state of war anesthesia. This frightens people, and the trial is the group effort of the surviving society to come to terms with its own unconscious. The accused are pathological types who were pushed forward by a sick society to do its horrible work; now a new generation, purged by suffering, puts them on trial.

INDIA: *The Next Prime Minister*

★ With the return to the government of Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, India has what for so long she has missed, an heir apparent to the prime minister. Mr. Nehru's collapse at the convention of the Congress Party in Orissa made the old question of the succession a matter of urgency and the sanguine reports of his recuperation do not alter the recognized fact that while he may stay on for a year, Nehru will never return to his old pace.

There was some opposition to Shastri's return, but it seems to have been limited to a few politicians within the party who were jockeying for power. Shastri received wide support from the party at large, notably from a group of state leaders from the south and east of the country. For all the noise made by the left wing faction which has been trying to breathe a little life into the languid Congress Party leadership, the party is still in a middle-of-the-road phase. That, if nothing else, makes the 60-year-old Shastri a natural leader. A tiny man, he leaves an impression of intelligence and will, coming mostly from the large brown eyes in his small face, and from a hint of steely purpose behind his mildness of manner. He comes from Uttar Pradesh which used to be the heartland of Indian political power (it is also Nehru's state) but now is among the most backward and politically chaotic states in India. He is regarded as a man of the party, free of zealous commitment to the extension of Hindi as a national language that offends the southerner; pragmatic, moderate, with a gift for conciliation and of unquestioned probity. During the months Nehru remains in control, the centrist forces in the Congress Party will be rallying to Shastri.

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Pure Irish

Robert F. Kennedy

Ireland is a family so small that Brendan Behan's mother used to be Maud Gonne's cook, and Yeats used to come there and hunt her down and cross-question her closely about parsnips so that the rest of the company might know how deeply he felt the concerns of simple folk. Ireland is the muse, the poet and the serving girl, all together in the anthologies and all together in the same room.

Robert Kennedy was the pure Irish Kennedy. Consequently in the Fifties he was the Kennedy easiest for the more humbly-nurtured reporters to know, the one with the gift and burden of intimacy, the only one at that time whom strangers could think of as vulnerable. Because he was so pure Irish he seemed always part of a company; he was interesting then not so much because he was the brother of the junior Senator from Massachusetts but because he was so young and had so many children. Pierre Salinger and Kenneth O'Donnell were his friends before they were his brother's.

Then after awhile we thought of him only in the company of his brother. The day John F. Kennedy was elected President of the United States the family played touch football on the beach at Hyannisport; Robert was quarterback as always and his brother went down for a pass and caught it and all the defense fell upon him, in the one final ceremonial display of family democracy. The President-elect dropped the pass. "That's my brother," said Robert Kennedy, "all guts, no brains."

That December the President surprised him by appointing him Attorney General of the United States. Robert Kennedy asked for his instructions – there was no question of argument – and his brother handed him a pocket comb and said: "Don't you think you ought to comb your hair before you go out to get your picture taken?" It is the point of his life that he was to become the second most important figure in the government of the United States not so much because he wanted authority but because he embodied intimacy.

Undersecretary of State Averell Harriman remembered the other day that there had been at least three times after the Bay of Pigs when everyone else in the National Security Council had almost surrendered to the unspeakable remedy when suddenly, after long silence, Robert Kennedy turned them back with one sentence which seems always to have begun, "My brother cannot. . . ."

Now he is alone. In December Robert Kennedy said to an old friend from the papers that he had to find a goal for the first time in his life because, for as long as he could remember, he had had no goal that was not his brother's.

It is odd to think of the Attorney General of the United States sitting and wondering what should be his purpose in life; and it is very hard not to believe that he will settle in the end, if only from habit, for the conventional goals of elections fought and offices won. The impulse to seek him out rises only in part from the link of a domestic sorrow which he represents to the whole American family; there is also the hope that the wound may be healing, that all of us may be what we used to be and Robert Kennedy has begun now to think about politics.

The Attorney General's office is peculiarly unsettling because it is so exactly as it was 10 weeks ago. It is still oppressed by those tempera-painted ceilings that show on the one side muscled common men advancing toward freedom and on the other enfeebled common men sinking into slavery, a style we remember as fascist from the Thirties and confront as Soviet still today. Robert Kennedy knows no way to soften official majesty except with the touch of intimacy. There remain the crayons his children drew to give him on his birthday, which was November 20, and the guerrilla carbine, its stock hand-whittled, its barrel a pipe, which had been brought to him as a trophy from South Vietnam. Each of these touches belongs to the time that has gone now; no colleague has thought to bring him any symbol of engagement fresher from battle than that Communist carbine; and no child of his seems yet to have been able to summon the impulse which would add some new token of affection. He sits just where he did in November.

"I have this feeling," said Robert Kennedy, "that I go on doing the same old things I always did."

It seemed socially commendable but somehow an almost unbearable personal sadness that I had seen him last in the spring of 1963 and the subject then had been civil rights and that now with everything dreadful between, he and I were still talking about civil rights.

One had never thought of a time when Robert Kennedy could be older than oneself. The flesh is still young, the bones refined even more acutely than they used to be; when Robert Kennedy stood, he was still fortified by that ramrod that he and his brother Edward put against their spines the day the worst thing happened to them. He had always been lean and tensile, but his collar was a little too large now and his cuffs a little too close to his knuckles, not as though he had wasted but as though he had withdrawn.

The telephone rang; the caller was a dear friend of his and a cherished acquaintance of mine. The Attorney General handed me the phone; there came automatically the banter to be expected between persons

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who have become again what they were. The Attorney General was sitting and looking at his hands. The expression on his face was not that of affront in the presence of social gaiety; instead this seemed a face horribly lonely for a time when it had been part of a community with a place in it for careless laughter.

The caller hung up; I turned to duty and fell into speculation about politics. President Kennedy's former assistants are departing the White House in dribbles in spite of all that Mr. Johnson had hoped from them. One senses something chilled in the tone of their farewells. Mr. Johnson's manifold virtues do not, it would appear, include that bearing as employer which inspires men to leave his service regretting the loss of his person. What we lost in Mr. Kennedy, one of us now begins to recognize too late, was not quite so conspicuously the hope of glory as the means of grace.

"What Makes Me Sad . . ."

Robert Kennedy watches his old friends leave the White House, without blaming them. He had asked of them no more than to stay for the transition and he has given up, at least for a while, any notion that another man's duty is as large as his own.

"I'm not in the same position they are. It's much harder for them. They have been in jobs where their whole responsibility is serving just one man. You cannot expect them to change the man. But the Department of Justice is something else. A month can go by before I need to take a problem to the White House. After all, even my brother never asked me about the Lands Division. I have the National Security Council and the Youth Commission and a good many other things to keep me busy and I can do them all without ever needing to go into the White House.

"I am different from the others. If I go" – he stopped and searched for a word – "if I should, uh, *desert*, that would be harmful." Others exercise their free judgment; only a Kennedy could judge himself a deserter.

"And then I'm selfish. I want to sit here and watch what my brother was trying to do and see how it turns out for this year anyway.

"What is different now and what makes me sad is that I see a problem or someone tells me about a problem and I can't do anything about it. There was this time when if people had something and couldn't see my brother, they could always see me and I could pick up the phone and call him. Now Zanzibar just sits there and flounders. Oh, that might have happened with us anyway but it's strange to think that you can't just pick up the phone."

Robert Kennedy is back from Asia and Western Europe where he was dispatched as Mr. Johnson's ambassador to help ease the Malaysia-Indonesia quarrel. An outsider assumed that this voyage was conceived for therapy, but instead it seems to have been the product of a State Department judgment that the only Americans who might get a hearing from Sukarno were Undersecretary of State Harriman, who was otherwise occupied, and Robert Kennedy. On his way, Robert Kennedy stopped at Tokyo and went to the university whose students had heckled and wrangled him in 1962; this time he was met by a vast, silent and admiring crowd.

"I hadn't wanted to go on that trip," he said, "but afterwards I was glad I had."

Now this was a venture which gave as much promise of being different from his ordinary round as any Cabinet member could hope and which offered, in his special need, an escape from memories. Yet the Attorney General did not wish to go, even for this; he could march, alone as he feels, only under orders.

It is odd then that we should keep thinking about a man with Robert Kennedy's nature and in his faintly-stirring state of immobilization as looking on the world with the eye of conventional political ambition. He goes where they send him; Mr. Johnson, if he felt the need, could order him to be Vice President. He will work in the Johnson campaign; he cannot consider any period to his brother's history except the re-election of a successor Democrat. But who could conceive what it would mean to him to engage the cold heights for no reason but to conquer them for himself? If he returned to Massachusetts and ran for governor, he would have to ride the same rounds his brother did, talk to the same politicians, shake hands with the same voters. Of all tasks he might assume, this one in its atmosphere would seem the least endurable to a man of his character and his fidelity to memory.

His father once said that Bobby Kennedy was the child he felt most like himself. "Bobby," he is supposed to have said, "hates like me." That is not quite true; entire understanding of your children does not seem to be any criterion for the success even of parents as extraordinary as the elder Kennedys. Robert Kennedy, even in his days of partisan warfare, had an unexpected weakness for the sinner. Of course he knew how to hate; he hated on his father's behalf; he grew up to hate on his brother's; but these last weeks that he has endured have now left behind a man we recognize as having been unskilled at hating on his own. He will complete his healing; men of his size take a little longer. And, when he has, he will begin again, down, one suspects, a road entirely unexpected, unconventional, intimate and Irish; since there is no contemporary left for his particular devotion, it is likely that he will move to the company and the service of the young. He has talked about teaching. He would hardly be Robert Kennedy if he woke up, recovered, and found that

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the mark of recovery was only an itch to run for office. We think him like us, because he lives in our time; but there is something old-fashioned about the sense of duty and of family that has been the motor of a life that can hardly be put together again with any other motor. He is in fact archaic; even now, when he is immobile, the image one takes away from him is archaic, coming as it does from the epitaph the Spartans put over their 300 dead at Thermopylae: "Stranger, when you see the Lacedaemonians, tell them we lie here faithful to their orders."

Murray Kempton

Journey Into the Mind of the Lower Depths

Dickens observed that the poor are frequently ungrateful for small favors, and a source of continuing frustration. His observations still hold. The Peace Corps has so far succeeded in its aim of doing specific jobs abroad in a spirit of alliance rather than hauteur. Roads have been built, classrooms taught. We have begun asking ourselves if we might not enter our own backward counties and boroughs in the same spirit. We still have millions of voteless, jobless Negroes and more millions of migrant workers whose lives and times are remarkably similar to what Steinbeck described 25 years ago; even more millions of hillbillies and sharecroppers. We have whole states spotted with decay, and we have Indian reservations and city slums.

A phrase like "social dynamite" used by Dr. Conant indicates that our problems are becoming threatening enough to frighten our most responsible leaders. We get increasingly nervous before our unemployed or delinquent youth or our Negro youth demanding their rights as never before. The rising involvement of the young in those stagnant pools of our national life is obvious. For the first time they are the majority of our unemployed, and we hear of their predominance in crime and racial conflict. They lead the Negro in protest against customs long endured by their elders, and Southern jails are full of high school students. I have seen 10-year-olds go to jail, and 12-year-olds sit in at lunch counters.

Freud remarked that "we shall probably discover that the poor are even less ready to part with their neuroses than the rich, because the life that awaits them when they recover has no attraction." There is much which is beyond our grasp as psychiatrists and middle-class citizens in a society that is still segregated socially and racially. We have delinquency, a word which includes everything from minor vandalism and thievery to unspeakable violence; unemployment, a word which fails to convey its victims' feelings of uselessness, rejection, and dangerous boredom under a vast sky of continually unspent time; racial segregation and religious prejudice, that are for those affected a constant reminder of disfigurement or blemish. In the darkest and most forgotten lowlands of our national life there is the final anonymity of mere survival, where food and shelter themselves are in constant question.

The exiled become just what they are told they are and so they believe their worthlessness. And there is today an odd outrage to Freud by those who caricature the purposes of psychoanalysis by substituting for "why bother?" remarks like "what's your unresolved problem that you bother?" The problem is that of understanding the world the poor and the outcast inhabit, the world of their lives and feelings, and equally understanding what our attitudes toward them are, what our world is willing and unwilling to do for them. It is their lives meeting ours which causes the crisis.

The poor live and act differently. In Palm Beach County in Florida I have been studying migrant agricultural workers and their children. Thousands of these families pick fruit and vegetables during Florida's warm winter, then continue "up the coast" to New Jersey or New York. It is a story of sharecroppers and hillbillies, white and Negro, dispossessed of their meager land and now wandering in an exploitive bondage of disease, malnutrition and ignorance, working side by side in a relative absence of prejudice which only utter but shared squalor can ensure.

I visited a child guidance clinic in that county and its roster of patients in psychotherapy contained not one migrant child. To accuse this clinic – it is a good one, well-equipped and staffed – is to ignore what happens in many similar clinics all over the land: the caseload comes heavily from middle-class families; the rich purchase private care and the poor rarely appear. "I only goes to the hospital when I thinks I'll die." She has 11 children. One is, I suspected, retarded and epileptic. The older children, in their early teens, are what we describe as promiscuous or pre-delinquent, and we could add a few more psychiatric terms which would describe defective consciences, poor capacity to deal with impulses, faulty organization of thinking and of emotional resources. This is just about universal for the population of migrant camps. What we call wayward is part of the life of the backward.

This life of the backward will have to be significantly changed for these people to change. Even with social and economic improvements it will take time. Some would offer urban renewal or rural electrification with a sprinkling of surplus food, and become quickly dis-

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mayed then outraged by the persistence of suspicious, untidy and wanton ways in the recipients. Our best writers avoid this trap. Agee with Alabama sharecroppers, Don Wakefield with Puerto Ricans in New York, Oscar Lewis studying poor Mexicans, these sensitive observers emerged from their work with descriptions of human beings, struggling to live, resisting or submitting to disease, seeking and receiving love, expressing pleasure and pain, giving way to hate and wild indulgence, offering kindness and tenderness.

I recall small American children on farms eating thickly fried gruel or potatoes out of pans on the floor, not at tables, not with knives and forks. They attract a doctor's eye with their vitamin deficiencies, infectious and parasitic diseases, stunted growth; the teacher's eye of my wife because they are badly, vaguely, intermittently taught, and often not due to any lack of trying on the part of those few who teach them. I recall the casual familiarity of some Negro children I know with their city slum world of alcohol, narcotics, rats, lice, disease and crime. Negro children or the children of nomadic farm hands care for one another, tend rather than compete. Their mother is the pivot of their life, with men often around, yet not necessarily behaving like what we call "father." The children may dimly perceive that one child is not "all there," but this means its protection. When they get older, that is 10 or 12, it is "natural" for them to smoke and drink and have plenty of sex – sex is one of the few pleasures costing nothing.

These children are free of the maze of restrictions and exhortations that hedges middle-class children, but others arise. In place of school phobias, obsessions, compulsions, anxieties tied to sexual inhibitions or restrictive toilet training, there are promiscuity, pilfering and then stealing, gang formations and violence, hurt and hurtfulness not dreamed but lived and practiced.

Their glimpses of the other world are on television, and through the "boss man" or the racist mob or the clerk at the unemployment office or relief station – *their* packages of food, checks, authority and power, with all its questioning welfare workers, patrolling cops, collecting slum landlords, traveling salesmen anxious for money and just as anxious not to enter their flats and shacks. If strangers come, young and kindly people, white or black, and want to "help" them, teach their children or feed and clothe them, or assist them in organizing or registering to vote, the first response, a measure of their sense of worthlessness, is to question why they would want to do that.

A dismal camp for migrant workers received a group of intelligent, well-intentioned college men and women bent on a summer's good deed. I doubt if they knew that many of the people had been constantly frightened by their presence and by friendly acts like going to homes with gifts or offering rides. A wave of "relief" on the part of the migrants followed their departure. I am not arguing non-intervention here, quite the contrary, but saying that the customs and fears of people, the solid and formidable resistance of their condition must be considered if they are to be offered help. "They come breezing through," I heard a gang leader in a Northern city say. He was asking for help and hoping that if it came it would be effective, not "gone with the wind" of a fickle breeze.

ROBERT COLES

THE GREAT NEW YORK BOYCOTT

What Will Happen if the Cry for Better Schools Fails?

by Christopher Jencks

For the first time in a century New York City stopped seeing itself as a federation of minority groups. Official school statistics, for example, portray the situation thus: the total school enrollment is reported as 1,039,000; of these, 265,000 are listed as Negroes, 178,000 as Puerto Ricans, and 596,000 – almost 60 percent – simply as "others." Nor is this homogeneous 60 percent only a statistician's fantasy. It also exists in Negro rhetoric as "the power structure." Those whom old-time politicians thought it necessary to deal with separately as Jews,

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Italians, Irish, Poles, Germans, Greeks and Anglo-Saxons are seemingly united – not in the melting pot but in opposition to its newest manifestation.

The distinctive thing about these "others" is their white skin. (Many Puerto Ricans are also white, and differ from previous immigrant groups only in the date of their arrival. In some respects these white Puerto Ricans have more in common with earlier immigrants than with the Negroes. To this extent they should be classified as "others." But the great majority of Puerto Ricans supported the Negro-led boycott of school's last week.)

In the past, whiteness has never been enough to unite the hostile minorities who compose the New York electorate; nor is it enough even today. The Negroes have made progress precisely because the supposedly monolithic "power structure" is in fact no more than an anarchic feudal empire, in which consensus is seldom sought and never achieved. Should this situation change – should the "others" be driven together in opposition to Negro demands – the result would probably be a political impasse for the Negroes, an increase in racial violence, and an acceleration of the flight of "others" to suburbia. (The city already loses between two and three percent of its white population each year.) This flight will ultimately make the Negroes and Puerto Ricans a majority in the city (assuming they can stay united), giving them political control of City Hall – and the Board of Education. That would mean more pressure for integration, probably more flight to suburbia, and might ultimately make New York City the testing ground for the theories of Elijah Muhammed.

Whether this is a real possibility depends on what the Negroes turn out to want. What meaning, for instance, should be attributed to the February 3 school boycott which kept almost half of the city's children home? The nominal aim of the boycott was to persuade the Board of Education to set up a timetable for complete racial integration of the schools. There are only two ways to achieve this: close about 120 elementary and 25 junior high schools in the great black ghettoes, or else assign large numbers of white children to these schools. (The high schools are so large and so many have city-wide constituencies that all but one of the schools is racially mixed. The lone exception is to be closed in June.)

Closing all the ghetto schools would mean building an equivalent number of new schools in white areas, at a cost of $2 or $3 billion. Even if this money were available, however, such a program would not satisfy the more militant Negro leaders, who insist that real racial equality means reciprocity – Negro children go to white areas and white children go to Negro areas. What the boycott leaders want, then, is reassignment of more than half the 200,000 Negro and Puerto Rican children in the black schools of Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant and other smaller ghettoes, and the assignment of about 100,000 white children to these schools. (The number of whites coming in would be smaller than the number of blacks going out, because reassignment would aim to relieve overcrowding in the ghetto as well as establishing racial balance.)

The Future for Integrated Schools

What would happen if the Board of Education were to begin assigning large numbers of whites to formerly black schools? There is no need to speculate, for this has already been done in some areas on the fringes of the ghettoes. The results are depressing. When the school board incorporated a section of lily-white Yorkville and a section of Spanish Harlem into a single elementary district, for example, 60 percent of the white children were immediately withdrawn from the public schools. Some went to independent schools, some to parochial schools, some to Westchester. (The mixed public school, incidentally, is a great success.) In other areas white parents are less mobile and less affluent, but the trend is similar and the results after a few years not very different.

Clearly most white parents will pack up and move rather than send their children to a heavily Negro school. Exactly what the critical proportion is nobody agrees – somewhere between a quarter and a half, according to most observers. Significantly, a random distribution of students throughout the New York system would produce a combined Negro and Puerto Rican population of 40 percent; demographers report it will be more than 50 percent by 1966. (It is true that fewer families might move if they had to go all the way to suburbia to escape Negro and Puerto Rican classmates. Still, it seems reasonable to predict that if the Board of Education were to adopt a program for complete racial integration, there would be a rapid withdrawal of white pupils from the system.)

Is the Board of Education likely to embark on any such program? It does not seem likely. On small issues school officials may follow their consciences, but on big issues they must follow City Hall. There are still substantially more white voters than black ones in New York (though not in Manhattan), and to the degree that issues are drawn on racial lines, the Negro-Puerto Rican groups will be outmanned. Furthermore – and this is of critical importance – there is as yet no persuasive evidence that the majority of Negroes and Puerto Ricans really want the Board to try to assign tens of thousands of whites to ghetto schools. It is true that that was the implicit objective of the boycott, avowed by the leadership, but it does not follow that the families who kept their children from attending school last week

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fully understood this program, much less endorsed it.

Bussing elementary school children, if one judges by popular action instead of the leadership's rhetoric, is not much more popular among Negro parents than white ones. Since 1960, for example, New York City has had what is known as "open enrollment." This means that any child in a predominantly Negro or Puerto Rican school can request reassignment to a predominantly white school where vacancies exist. Unlike other cities, New York pays the cost of transportation. About half the Negro and Puerto Rican children in the city attend elementary schools which are more than 90 percent black, and about half attend junior high schools which are more than 85 percent black. Yet only about 10 percent of these eligible Negroes and almost none of the eligible Puerto Ricans requested transfers. Indeed, there have always been more vacancies than there have been applicants.

Better Schools

What the boycott leaders are really proposing is that since Negroes and Puerto Ricans don't apply spontaneously for transfers, the school board should simply order them to transfer, and should make this more palatable to the Negro community by ordering large numbers of white children to do likewise. In historical terms this may be a reasonable proposal; indeed, it may be the only hope for a multiracial society. But in political terms it makes about as much sense as Professor Milton Friedman's proposal for solving the problem by selling the schools to private enterprise.

If the majority of the boycotters do not really support large-scale bussing, what do they support? The usual and I think accurate answer is "better schools." Most of the parents who kept their children home last week were protesting, I suspect (though I certainly could not prove it), not against the fact that there are no white children in Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant schools, but against the fact that Negroes get such a dreadful education there. The protesters may or may not be set on integration; they certainly want something recognizable as education. They want their children to learn to read, write, multiply and divide. They want a staff which has faith in their children, and they want the schools organized in such a way that they can maintain discipline. If this means small schools instead of big ones, cutting class size in half, giving teachers special training for work in the slums, raising pay to match suburbia – then so be it.

Significantly, this is more or less the program advocated by New York's superintendent of schools, Calvin Gross. Gross has shown little or no interest in ending segregation in the ghetto; instead, he urges an end to the ghetto itself – a program obviously beyond the power of the Board of Education to implement single-handed. So long as the ghetto remains his is essentially a "separate and equal" philosophy, with emphasis on the equal. That is the real meaning of what he calls a program for educational "saturation" for the slums.

If Gross were able to implement this program; if at the same time the possibility of transferring out of the ghetto were widely publicized; and if there were a realistic program for allowing Negroes and Puerto Ricans to move to integrated neighborhoods, my guess is that the great majority of Negro parents who remained in the ghetto would be willing to live with *de facto* segregation in local schools. The difficulty, as the boycott leaders point out, is that integrated housing is years away, and Gross's "saturation" program cannot possibly perform as advertised in the interim. Teaching in the ghetto is work for heroes and martyrs, and only a few talented teachers have an appetite for it. Even if plenty of candidates were available, there is no prospect of getting money to hire them in sufficient numbers. New York voters do not really care enough about education in the ghettos to finance it. Nor, I suspect, does Congress. The only way middle-class whites could be made to care would be to make their children attend these schools – and then, I fear, they would simply move to suburbia, not vote for higher city taxes.

There is another problem too. Even if schools were integrated there is no assurance that the majority of Negroes and Puerto Ricans would get an adequate education. Within an integrated school there is, of necessity, considerable classroom segregation. Spanish-speaking children need different reading teachers from English-speaking ones. Emotionally-disturbed children (mostly Negroes) who can't do long division must be taught separately from children who are already doing quadratic equations. Reasonable as this sounds, however, it is likely to mean dumping large numbers of hard to educate children who are the wrong color into special classes, with resources inadequate to help them. Middle-class parents, who have the dominant voice in setting school priorities, will make little fuss about such inadequacies, because their children are seldom affected.

Among all these pitfalls school officials must warily find their way. They are not courageous, imaginative men. They have no desire to precipitate a revolution in New York, much less lead it. They see no reason why the schools should have to compensate Negroes and Puerto Ricans for the bigotry of real-estate owners. They would be glad to compensate them for the cultural deprivation of the past – but only if they are given new staff funds. It is a tale so old that it hardly bears repeating. Yet if a new ending is not soon written, the 360,000 children who stayed out of school last week will prove to be the vanguard of an upheaval whose end is not foreseeable.

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LBJ and the Farmers

by Asher Brynes

One of the three parts, and half the conclusion, to the Farm Message sent to Congress by the President on the last day of last month are devoted to a problem, *rural* poverty, that was never mentioned in such communications until a few years ago; nor had much attention been paid to it in any of the recent Farm Messages. Today, more rural people than farmers are poor. This is a new development in American life that doesn't fit the old guidelines laid down when the Department of Agriculture was established.

At that time, just about a century ago, three-fourths of the US population lived on farms. As recently as the Thirties, when President Johnson began his career in public life, a fourth of the American people were farmers. They were still much the largest single occupational group in the country. The politics of the time reflected this fact. There was then a farm bloc in the Congress so powerful that it demanded and received the protection of the government as an interest that had to be vested, so to speak, for the good of the nation. During the last war the bloc demanded that farmers should get 10 percent more for their products than any other producers; and that was given to them under the authority of the Office of Price Administration. As a noted historian remarked sourly after this episode was over, agriculture had developed "from a ward of charity into a political force capable of pursuing its own interests even to the point of defying the head of the nation [President Roosevelt] in wartime."

The institutional structure is still there. The Department of Agriculture has in fact grown while the farm population has dwindled to less than 7.5 percent of the population. The latter continues to shrink. The long-term average annual rate of migration from farming is 3.5 percent of the farm population, which at the present level means that there is a decline of half a million farm people each year. They leave the business because they don't prosper in it, of course, and they either move to the towns where most of the jobs are, or try to combine a bit of farming or renting to more successful farmers with work for wages whenever they can get it in the vicinity. This mixed-up pattern makes all statistics of income "from farm operations exclusively," even those quoted in the Message, incomplete as statements of what farmers actually earn.

Today most of the rural poverty is among rural *non*-farmers, who outnumber the farmers more than three to one. The farmers have been doing quite nicely over the past three years although total farm population has continued to shrink at the usual rate. Agricultural implement sales, a prime indicator of conditions in this sector of the economy, have been booming: in 1961 farmers bought $1.6 billion, in 1962 $1.9 billion, and in 1963 $2.05 billions' worth of such machinery. Cash income per farm has been growing at the rate of seven percent a year. The Farm Equipment Institute, an association of implement manufacturers, just informed its members that studies indicate farmers will spend about four percent more on implements this year than last. Another indicator, the value of farm land, looks quite as healthy: the national average rose six percent last year (in Texas and Florida it was 10 percent); over the past four years the increase in the value of agricultural real estate was a surprising 27 percent. It is scarcely possible to make an uncollectible loan on farm property, as the records of the federal Farmers Home Administration show, although it makes mortgage loans only in cases where the applicant can prove that ordinary banks have turned him down. One has only to wait a few years and the value of the collateral rises to meet the amount of the default.

Upon the prospering survivors of the impact of technology on agriculture the federal government showers a range of benefits devised when farmers were much more numerous, vocal and poor. The commodity programs or price supports both direct and indirect, such as the wheat and cotton programs (direct federal subsidies of one-third the market prices) or the Agricultural Conservation Program which helps farmers to drain and fertilize their soils, cost about $5 billion yearly; and the total cost of the Department of Agriculture last year was $8 billion. This is two-thirds of the net income earned by farmers from farm operations in the same period. And since half of them produce 90 percent of the crops, and their shares of the subsidy are measured out to them on a production or acreage basis – so much per bushel, so much per acre – the program tends to punish poverty and reward success.

Because they get so much government money, commercial farmers are organized to make their views felt as well as known in Washington. There is at least one special organization for each crop that is supported and three national farm associations, the largest representing about three-fourths of the nation's organized farm-

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ers. The specific demands in the Message are set forth in the first section headed "Strengthening American Agriculture." It is like a menu put out by a new restaurant; something extra is offered each of the important commodity groups and there are a few new support programs, specialties of the house, which the agricultural committees of the Congress will review with freshened attention, and no doubt will raise a considerable fuss when they reach the floor for general debate.

Potatoes haven't been price-fixed since 1950 when farmers produced so much extra in response to a now defunct support program that the additional crop, after grading, weighing and paying by field agents of the Department of Agriculture, had to be left rotting in plain sight. The Message proposes that the price of potatoes be raised by limiting production, a method that has only one virtue: it won't smell the way the old one did. Milk is now supported by fixed-price purchases of the surplus in manufactured form – cheese, powdered milk, butter. The Message calls for an additional program which will permit farmers to reduce production of fluid milk without reducing their earnings in that most lucrative of dairy markets. Cotton, as we have noted, is price-fixed by granting the grower a subsidy of so much per pound. The Message proposes that the cotton industry as a whole should be supported by giving to the mills an equal subsidy while the recorded incomes of cotton farmers are maintained, and that efficient producers should be allowed to grow as much more of the crop as they desire for sale at the open market or world price. For the wheat men there is a scheme that will give them a US certificate worth about 75 cents with each bushel of controlled wheat they grow; this is to be redeemed at his own cost by the miller who buys the crop to make flour. There are to be no controls over wheat sold for feeding to animals.

Peculiar Banks

In the previous Presidential election year of 1956 the Republicans devised (or so they said: it was really an ancient Democratic invention for which the makers had no use in the agricultural boom during the last war) a program called the US Soil Bank. The Soil Bank pays farmers an acreage rental for land on which they agree to grow nothing that can be sold. Contracts were arranged so that payments on about a quarter of the land in this peculiar bank would cease on the last day of 1963, requiring new legislation of the same type to be enacted in the 1964 session of Congress – again, a Presidential election year. The same thing will happen under existing law in 1968, when the American farmer goes again to the polls to elect – you guessed it. The Message asks that more rental agreements for acreage of marginal fertility, the only kind any farmer in his right mind will rent rather than plant, shall be reoffered. There are also calls for investigating the retail grocery business, a popular cause with farmers, who since the Civil War have been receiving only about a third of the consumer's dollar spent for groceries; for strengthening farm cooperatives (some of these co-ops in the grain storage, insurance and supermarket business are already giants); and for the control of the trading in the "futures" on commodity exchanges, an echo of the $100 million edible oil scandal that is now in the courts.

The House Agriculture Committee has already tabled one of the two recommendations that seemed most likely of passage, President Johnson's call for a permanent food-stamp program to enable persons in need to procure surplus foodstuffs at grocery stores instead of requiring them to go to special distribution centers, as they now have to do in the District of Columbia and other large cities with the exception of Detroit. The one recommendation that cannot fail is the extension of the Food for Peace program under which about $1.5 billion of such foodstuffs is distributed annually abroad. Nobody is against that. It accounts for about a third of our farm exports.

The rest are dubious. There is a strong possibility that all the rest of the recommendations in this Message will fail either by outright rejection or heavy-handed amendment in the Congress. The incomes of farmers rose 12 percent in the three years of the Kennedy Administration, after all. There is no great disposition to do more for this group in the present year, on top of the tax cut. At the same time it is unlikely that despite the President's fervent appeal for aid to the rural poor the amount actually made available to them by the Congress (aside from the usual provision of low-interest loans) will rise to even so much as one percent of the total budget of the Department of Agriculture. The Department is structured so that its basic concern is with commercial agriculture, as the Department of Commerce is concerned with business-for-profit. The old-timers in it and the agrarian Congressmen with whom they have worked for years wish, hey, presto! they could shove all that messing about with the poor who grow nothing into the US Government's Department of Poverty: Health, Education and Welfare.

What is likely to happen in the current session of Congress, then, is that the current farm programs will be upheld by negation. Republicans will be joined by sufficient numbers of assorted Democrats to produce a stalemate in which the Kennedy legislation will survive, less perhaps the reoffering of the substitute for last year's rejected wheat bill. If that is what happens the cost of the Department of Agriculture will be about half a billion dollars less, and LBJ will be able to say he tried to do his darn best for the farmers when the campaign has got under way.

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The Impact of Technology

by Edward T. Chase

"Before my term has ended we shall have to test anew whether a nation such as ours can endure. The outcome is by no means certain." In sounding this note of tension in his first State of the Union address President Kennedy acknowledged that our free society, the most industrialized and urbanized in history, is in its way a *tour de force.* Whatever its shortcomings, one key to its genius has been its accommodation of strongly contrary forces – the highest degree of freedom, the most complex organization. Hence its élan, but also its efficiency. But can the trick continue to be carried off under the disruptive impact of technological change that is making the economic order immeasurably more complex?

The Nation Transformed
edited by Sigmund Diamond
(Braziller; $8.50)

Sigmund Diamond's astonishingly timely book is subtitled "the creation of an industrialized society," and in reconstructing the Gilded Age, from 1876 to 1904 "as revealed in the thoughts and actions of the men and women who forged a modern nation" his massive text is not altogether reassuring. It suggests that each generation must interpret technological change anew. For in celebrating the uncanny analogies between that age and ours it registers the recurrent nature of our failures.

Consider this dialogue from 1887:

"Q. 'Why don't these men go into some other employment?

A. Well, merely because the unskilled labor market is overstocked. . . . If the hours of labor were shorter, the surplus of labor would disappear, and therefore workingmen could command better wages.

Q. Now do you understand that in all this great country there is no demand for the services of a man who knows how to drive horses?

A. I have not the slightest doubt that there is a demand for me in Cincinnati probably, or some other place. . . .

Q. Then the difficulty, I understand, is in getting from here to that place?

A. There is no difficulty in getting from here to there, provided you have the wherewithal to pay your fare'."

This exchange between Senator and workingman occurred before the Senate Committee on the Relation between Labor and Capital (Diamond's book consists of provocative offbeat documents of the time plus his own unfailingly perceptive commentary). It differs only in detail from the current testimony before Senator Clark's Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower, with its concern for a shortened work-week, financing the relocation of jobless workers, and other aids for the technologically disemployed.

The Gilded Age produced also this passage, from the address of Frederick Douglass, the great Negro leader, delivered in 1883 at a National Convention of Colored Men, Louisville: "The right of every American citizen to select his own society and invite whom he will to his parlor and table should be sacredly respected. . . . When he quits his home and goes upon the public street, enters a public car or a public house, he has no right of occupancy. He is only a part of the great public, and while he has the right to walk, ride and be accommodated with food or shelter in a public conveyance or hotel, he has no exclusive right to say that another citizen, tall or short, black or white, shall not have the same treatment with himself." It is now 1964 and Senator Goldwater almost daily delights in predicting that President Johnson will back down in the fight for the public accommodation clause in the civil rights bill.

Besides unemployment and racial conflict, the Gilded Age, in the words of Frank Freidel's preface, brought "unprecedented abundance and shocking poverty." "It was these defects in the new society of abundance that earned it an ironic label." One wonders whether our own age of affluence will earn us as kindly a one.

The great value of Diamond's book is the perspective it throws on the forces characterizing and shaping the industrialized world. His own view, borne out by enormous documentation, is that the industrialization that transformed the nation revealed this truth: technology, if it is to be lived with, requires above all else the recognition that "if men do not organize they cannot solve their social problems or achieve their social goals."

The initial consternation of the American generation of the late 19th Century, Diamond shows, arose from the spectacle of individualism frustrated by complexity, instability and disorder. The pioneering virtues – will, energy, self-reliance and competition – not only began to prove insufficient forces for social order. Indeed they exacerbated matters. So that shortly the railroads, for example, began creating intercompany agreements because they first suffered "the chaotic results of excessive competition." By 1900, six systems controlled 95 percent of all rail mileage.

Industry in general quickly gained a lively realization of its interdependency, spurring it on in efforts to rationalize matters. The evolution of Andrew Carnegie's steel operations from the 1880's on, for instance, was for an ever more comprehensive control of both steel production and of its prime markets (wire, pipes), consummated in 1900 by the J. P. Morgan takeover and the organization of the world's first billion-

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dollar company, United States Steel.

The next stage in this drive for "order" went beyond the single corporate giant to the trust and the holding company. Diamond shows that this was precipitated by the earlier breakdown (for lack of self-discipline) of the informal "pools" of the 1870's, which tried to organize territorial markets, fix production quotas and set prices. Reverberations of this drive to rationalize the new industrial order carried over into farming and labor. There, too, organization for survival became the dominant motif of the age, with the emergence of the Patrons of Husbandry (the Grange) and, on labor's side, the National Labor Union, The Knights of Labor and, in 1886, the American Federation of Labor.

But if the initial consternation of the times was over the breakdown of individualism, much of the later consternation was over the incursions of the State. As can be imagined, all this concentrated ferment, not to mention lynchings, rapid urbanization, the sweatshops, etc., did not make for tranquillity. "A later generation was to speak blithely of the 'Gay Nineties'," writes Diamond, "but to most of those who were then alive it was more a period of *fin de siècle* despair than of buoyant optimism . . . there seemed much in the circumstances of the 1890's to belie this optimistic version of the past and forecast of the future. Poverty was one of these circumstances. Even in 1890, possibly the peak year of prosperity before the First World War, one contemporary estimated that of the 12,500,000 families in the United States, 11,000,000 had an average income of less than $380 a year."

Now such generalized poverty does not accompany the new, automated industrial revolution of our own day. But deepening pockets of poverty do, along with the same dismaying evidences of surplus labor, racial strife and an economy variously estimated as being from a third to a half non-competitive (administered prices, wages). If Diamond is right in his thesis that rationalization, organization, the appreciation of interdependence is the essential response to the dislocations of technological change, then where do we turn?

It seems apparent enough that circumstance rather than ideology is making the choice for us and that the answer is substantial national planning by the central government. This must be the case if for no other reason than that interdependence means each activity in the social-economic order has a chain reaction on all other activities and we must preserve ourselves from incoherence. This is to put it negatively, however. Planning is seen in a different and positive light when one considers the adjustments that must be made if we are to attain our national goals of full employment, adaptation to automation and to armaments cutbacks, eradication of poverty, of race conflict and the strengthening of public sector facilities – these adjustments cannot anymore be left to the conventional workings of the market system than could the more primitive adjustments of the Gilded Age. To be sure, the market system remains the essential underpinning. But it is proving to be a woefully ineffective allocator of resources to the areas now clamoring for attention.

What is happening, of course, is that tentatively, with much filling and backing, the nation is developing a subtly mixed economy that would have been utterly inconceivable in the raw times Diamond chronicles. The space-defense-nuclear energy complex, for instance, presents a hybrid order, government-directed, nonetheless operating within the market system framework, that may turn out to be the pattern of the future economic order, dismaying though this prospect may seem. Concurrently the business community at large perseveres in its rear-guardism against social change; Congress abets with its own intransigencies. Thus, Mr. Kennedy's term has ended, but the test he forecast has not. We succeed in resolving crises. But who will deny that the outlook remains uncertain?

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Through the Eye of a Poet

by George P. Elliott

When a poet turns his hand to prose fiction, something good is likely to come of it: the delicate, offhand grace of many episodes in Louis Simpson's *Riverside Drive*, especially of the opening scene; the extravagant wit of the burlesque episodes in Howard Nemerov's *The Melodramatists;* the concentrated potency of Donald Justice's short story "Vineland's Burning" (in the 1954 O. Henry Prize Awards). As one would expect in an age which has cultivated the short poem in both theory and practice, poets seem to do better with short stories or episodes than with whole novels. Hayden Carruth is a poet whose novel, *Appendix A,* contains parts so delightful in themselves that the book is, for most people, worth reading for them alone, though unfortunately it also has such egregious flaws that formally it threatens to break up into fragments.

Appendix A
by Hayden Carruth
(Macmillan; $4.95)

Insofar as it is a novel with characters and story, it is built around a simple triangular love affair, the narrator with his best friend's wife. The course of the affair, the three characters and the world they live in are all created with admirable clarity and convincingness. But the book is far more than this small novel. It is also the narrator's fumbling for the limits of himself, and especially of himself writing the book. It is as though his motor were racing madly and he were yelling "Stop me! Help! Stop me!" He even fumbles at Mr. Carruth, who damned well should have stopped him there at least, at the line between themselves.

Like everything else about the book, its virtues and vices are big and bold. About a third of it is given over to an account of a cocktail party at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago – the preparations, the party itself, the aftermath. Formally, the party could have per-

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formed its function in half the space apportioned it. But Mr. Carruth does such an elegant job of handling the party, and incidentally of lampooning all sorts of party types – literary phonies, jazz pedants, rich bitches, an academic – that the reader enjoys himself reading it nearly as much as Mr. Carruth must have enjoyed himself writing it. Nearly as much, but not quite as much; for there are episodes in the party sequence which are plainly bad – Mrs. Gotrocks' exit scene, for instance, in which the corn, which had been great when the author served up a little at a time, is dished out by the ladleful. There is nothing niggardly about the book. As a matter of fact, all its sins are the amiable ones of excess, like the sins of the central character.

Some of the excesses are justified because the narrator, being a poet, is wildly immoderate. Take his attitude toward his mistress. At first he sees her joyously as being mindlessly and elementally female; at the end, feeling despicably guilty, he sees her as a lost woman, uncleansably contaminated by the filth of his own soul. Fine. But the very process of writing the book is supposed to have driven the narrator further into madness than he had been at the outset, so that the presentation of their crucial farewell scene is badly vitiated. Instead of the humor which has redeemed his earlier encounters with her, and which has especially redeemed the lush descriptions of their passions, the narrator makes her utter accusations which belong less to her as a character than to him, to his uncontained shame and fear:

> "It wasn't just sleeping with you, or loving you. And probably any other man in the world could have taken me and then left me intact. It's you, you yourself. Only your touch could have made me dirty."
>
> "What a hell of a thing to say, Alex."
>
> "No. My words are what you yourself have said many and many a time. You are saying them now."
>
> Yes, I was.

Are we to take it that she actually uttered those speeches? Every other quoted speech in the book seems meant to be taken straight, but this one rings true only to the projected fantasies of his guilt. There are no secure narrative guide-lines to tell us exactly which way Mr. Carruth meant us to take her speeches.

It was part of his intention, no doubt, to call into question the distinction between the actual and the fantastic. For example, Fillermine, a visiting British poet, is a masterly character, completely recognizable and credible, granted the suitable comic distortions. But Linda, the deaf and dumb girl with whom the narrator says he is living as he is writing the book – is she or isn't she? In sum, she seems to be a fantasy (and a dreadfully symbolic one at that). Mr. Carruth might offer this justification for her being presented with such vivid ambiguity: poets sometimes see symbols with hallucinatory vividness. All right, maybe they do. In any case, a reader should be willing to play the *What Is Real?* game with an author for a while, so long as he knows which game is being played.

But there is one area of reality-fantasy ambiguity in the book which is little better than an excess of horseplay. This has to do with the relation between the actual and the supposed authors (Mr. Carruth and the unnamed narrator-poet). This relationship is important in any novel in autobiographical form, and it is made all the more important in this one because the narrator too is a poet and the editor of a Chicago poetry magazine (Mr. Carruth was once the editor of *Poetry*, the narrator is the editor of *Pegasus*, which is obviously *Poetry* going under the name of its emblem). A lot of the play about author-narrator is hijinks of the *Tristram Shandy* kind, self-consciousness put to good fictional use and helping to create the character. But sometimes Mr. Carruth allows the narrator to go too far. It is not just the narrator who suffers from the immoderation of poets, it is Mr. Carruth also. Here are a couple of examples of these excesses:

The novel opens with a so-called "Publisher's Note" which says the book is "part of a subdepartmental dossier in the files of a state bureau of public health" and that "publication has been arranged with the author's knowledge, and by the kind permission of Mr. Geoffrey Whicher Carruth, Crossington, Ohio." So – is "the author" here Hayden Carruth or the narrator? Well, there being no such place as Crossington, Ohio, listed in any gazeteer or in the Post Office directory, one takes it that "the author," despite Mr. Geoffrey Whicher Carruth, is the narrator. Big joke. And Chapter 25 consists of excerpts from books, some of which the narrator identifies as being by or about ancestors of his. One of the excerpts is from *The Voyage of the Rattletrap* by

Seaweed

Naked on island rock,
bodied with salt in the late
sun, we dry and look down:
golden wilds of seaweed
garden the dive we surfaced from.

Stripped to whom we once were,
we submerged in the wash
of floodtide: man and bride,
we swam who we might become.
After the ebb taught us love

we climbed out of the sea;
but if there are seaweed gods
I think we are wed by them:
I feel salt still on your back,
your bones swim under me.

Philip Booth

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Fred Hayden Carruth (1897); and lo, the library catalogue lists this title by this author. But who is the joke supposed to be on this time?

Literarily, *Appendix A* (what does the title have to do with anything anyway?) tempts one to justify its formal excesses as being true to the personality of the poet narrator – immoderation in all things. But one must resist the temptation to justify all the excesses, for this is just the good old fallacy of imitative form again. To portray a character flawed in a certain way, it is not necessary to flaw the portrait in the same way. Still, in an age when there is frequently not enough, too much is mighty easy to put up with.

Those who require that a novel give formal satisfaction, who are put off by serious flaws, had better not undertake to read *Appendix A*. But those who can put up with imperfections in a novel for the sake of the good parts, in this case some first-rate comedy, should find it rewarding. Further, it is recommendable without reservation to anyone who likes poets the way some men like blondes, except when he can't stand them, or who would like to get to know a poet very well. For, by reading this inside job, the reader will become intimately acquainted with a poet or two whom he, if he is like me, will like enormously, except when he can't stand them.

Mr. Dulles Spills the Beans

by Percy B. Mills

Espionage was surely not one of the activities Gerard Manley Hopkins had in mind when he gave glory to God for "all trades, their gear and tackle and trim." But Allen Dulles would put the spy business right in there with the others. He sees Intelligence as a trade, with highly colorful trappings; and when practiced by craftsmen who are on the side of the angels, not unworthy to be included in hymns of praise. Mr. Dulles retired in November 1961, after nearly nine years as Director of Central Intelligence. Since he could no longer engage in his favorite occupation, he did the next best thing. He wrote a book about it – a sort of textbook for which there is no course – or at least not outside the training department of CIA anyway.

The Craft of Intelligence
by Allen Dulles
(Harper & Row; $4.95)

To round off a distinguished career in government by writing a book about your work is not unusual, unless your career happened to be in the Clandestine Services. Not even the identity of the head of the British Secret Service is revealed to the general public. He is known only to the government officials who have to do business with him. He could not conceivably produce a book about the trade, no matter if it too were anonymous. But as Dulles points out in his first chapter, "On the whole, Americans are inclined to talk too much about matters which should be classified."

He evidently considered that an explanation for *The Craft of Intelligence* was in order, and here it is:

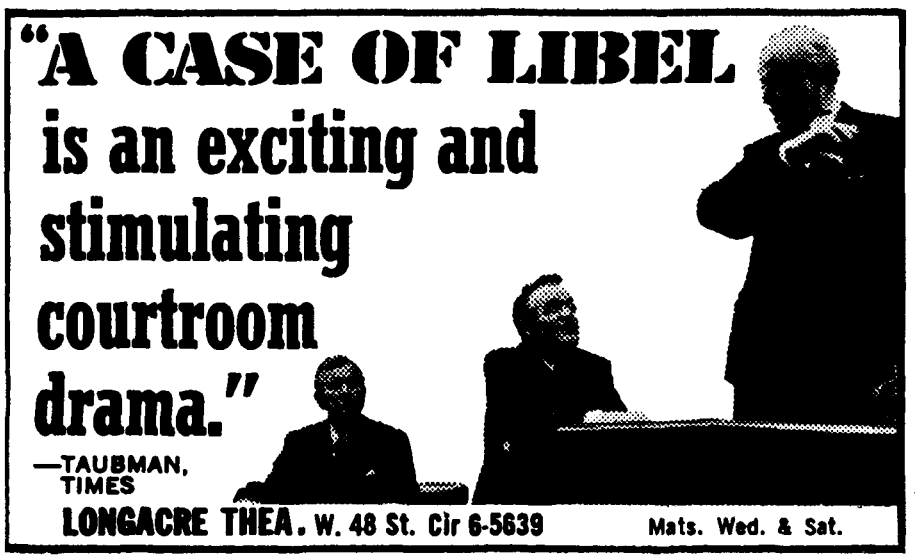
> "Since returning to private life . . . I have felt that it was high time that someone – even though he is a deeply concerned advocate – should tell what properly can be told about intelligence as a vital element of the structure of our government in this modern age."

Now, assuming that this feeling was right, who else could that "someone" be but the former Director of Central Intelligence? Any other potential author would be disqualified on one of two possible counts: if he had not been a high-level employee of CIA, he would not know what properly could be told about the American intelligence effort. If he had been in the Agency, he would either have to get CIA's imprimatur (he couldn't) or be subject to fine and imprisonment for breaking the oath he signed when he left.

This narrows the field to Allen Dulles, known affectionately among the craftsmen as The Great White Case Officer.

Why did he think it was "high time"? Probably because of the publication, almost immediately after his retirement, of Andrew Tully's *CIA: The Inside Story*. A good many things about that book – the title itself, just for a start – must have made Allen Dulles furious. In *The Craft of Intelligence*, he deplores the fact that, heretofore, the public has had to draw its information on CIA from "the so-called inside stories by writers who have never been on the inside." Most of the adverse criticism of CIA which he undertakes to refute can be found in Tully's *Inside Story*, either as the author's opinion or quoted as the view of various public officials and private citizens.

Intelligence, says Mr. Dulles, is a profession which is little understood and constantly misrepresented. One reason was offered by President Kennedy on the occasion of the inauguration of the



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new CIA Headquarters Building on November 28, 1961: "Your successes are unheralded, your failures are trumpeted." Operations that are going well can't be talked about, Dulles adds by way of fuller explanation, while "those that go badly generally speak for themselves."

This picture is more dismal than is strictly necessary. The veil of secrecy conceals many a failure as well as a host of unmentionable successes. Nor do all the successes pass unnoticed.

Some operations go well for awhile but are eventually blown. The resulting publicity is not invariably bad. A spectacular example is the Berlin wire-tap tunnel, which Dulles describes as one of the most valuable and daring projects ever undertaken. That operation was probably his favorite, and with good cause. It provided an incredibly rich source of intelligence. "The whole time it was working," one of his irreverent but devoted subordinates later remarked, "the Old Man was going around like a cat with a crocheted tail."

The unearthing of the tunnel in no sense represented the "failure" of an operation whose life expectancy had at best to be limited to the number of weeks, months, or years that a rather tired old cable could escape being dug up for repairs. The particular bit being tapped was given the most tender care by its "unauthorized" subscribers, but ultimately a search for the origin of a communications failure up the line brought the searchers, by accident, to the door of the tap chamber.

The tunnel operation was so impressive that even the victims could not conceal their admiration. Even the Agency's chronic critics could not find fault with it. The best some inveterate CIA-haters could manage was to spread the word that the operation was not really the work of CIA but of the National Security Agency. This story was interesting, of course, to people embroiled in the endless internecine war between members of the "intelligence community" (not a housing development, a euphemism for the nine or ten mutually antagonistic outfits in the government which are engaged in practicing the craft of Intelligence). For the general public, the important thing was that American Intelligence had recorded a brilliant victory.

Mr. Dulles does not devote much

If you love children, your heart will go out to **Tommy** Littleraven, a 9-**year-old** American Indian boy **who** is attending school **off the** reservation for the **first** time. Going to school **in** town frightens Tommy. **He** is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates **are** laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

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if you love children

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space to the tunnel story. He leaves no doubt, however, about whose operation it was, and he tells an educational anecdote – which you cannot find in anybody else's version – about how close we came to losing it through an oversight of our own.

Much more space is given to the U-2 operation. This one had a sorry ending, but here again is a case in which the "blowing" of an operation revealed to the public an undeniable success story. It emerged that, for several years, the United States had been taking fantastically detailed photographs of key military and industrial installations inside – and deep inside – the USSR.

Still, the critics had something to work with in the timing of the ill-fated mission just before a summit conference and a planned visit to the USSR by the President of the United States. Mr. Dulles feels obliged to answer the charge that the Powers flight resulted in the failure of the conference and the cancellation of the trip. Khrushchev, he says, already wanted to torpedo both the Paris meeting and Eisenhower's visit. Why? Because he was in trouble with the Chinese Communists and because he was afraid the Soviet people might like Ike. So he "decided to use the U-2 as a good excuse."

Unfortunately, this is a sample of what happens whenever Mr. Dulles undertakes to mention, and then demolish a valid criticism. He becomes almost childish. And he knows better.

In the spring of 1960, the Russians were in no mood to placate the Chinese. Nor did Khrushchev want to spoil Ike's trip. He put out a strong hint – close to an appeal – to Eisenhower to take the only course that would enable him to keep the invitation open and at the same time exploit the capture of a real live American spy – to deny personal responsibility for the U-2 flights. Such a denial was not possible for our President and Commander-in-Chief, but Khrushchev was not happy about the turn of events. The fact that he went to Paris at all – which de Gaulle attributed to bad manners – suggest how little he relished being faced with the decision.

The likeliest explanation for the timing of the Powers mission is that the U-2 flights had become so routine after all those years that the people in charge of them and the people in charge of arrangements for the Paris conference never gave each other a thought.

The only real blot on Mr. Dulles' copy-book – admittedly a rather large one – is the Cuba fiasco. He has an ebullient spirit, and his immediate post-invasion reaction was in the nature of, "Well, boys, win a few, lose a few."

He could not, for security reasons, really discuss the disaster, even if he wanted to, but apparently he thought he ought to mention Cuba – so he stoutly supports President Kennedy's decision to take full blame for the operation, and he scoffs at the story that the hope of success was based on the expectation of a massive popular uprising in support of the beachhead. He would have done better not to say anything at all about the affair.

By virtue of his unique position, Dulles is able to make a statement which no other author of a book about American Intelligence would or could make:

> "In writing this book as a private citizen I wish it to be clearly understood that the views expressed are solidly my own and have not been either authorized or approved by the Central Intelligence Agency or any other government authority."

There is absolutely nothing in *The Craft of Intelligence* to which the Central Intelligence Agency could take exception. Perhaps the greatest contribution of the work is that it will remain definitive for some time to come. No outsider will dare to write an "inside" book until this real one is forgotten. I suspect that Mr. Dulles, who is a spell-binding raconteur at a dinner party, purposely adopted the pedantic style which he uses in *The Craft of Intelligence* further to intimidate any would-be sensation mongers.

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If you are going to be in or near Washington the first week of March, the editors hope you will join them at dinner to celebrate

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The Light and the Dark

by Hilton Kramer

Anyone who takes the trouble to read through the amazing back issues of *The Dial* in the great days of its revival (1920-29) under Scofield Thayer and James Sibley Watson, Jr., experiences a kind of intellectual levitation. The normal vanities and solecisms of literary discourse are largely absent. One moves in an atmosphere at once exalted and relaxed. The most gifted minds of

A Dial Miscellany
edited by William Wasserstrom
(Syracuse; $9)
The Time of The Dial
by William Wasserstrom
(Syracuse; $4.95)

an era speak, not to the classroom or to some amorphous and imaginary "public" but to each other, and as it turned out, their exchanges have formed the basic materials on which the cultivated sensibility has felt obliged to educate itself ever since. Here seriousness, having found its appropriate style and subject-matter, displayed them without strain or compromise.

Over and above the individual excellence of its poems and stories, its essays and reviews and art reproductions, what remains impressive about *The Dial* is precisely this air of being completely at home with the rigorous and often difficult forms of modern thought and expression. Its confidence in this respect also accounts, I think, for the magazine's wit, elegance, and remarkable high spirits. Reviewing *Harmonium* for *The Dial* in 1924, Marianne Moore remarked, "One's humor is based upon the most serious part of one's nature," and this can, indeed, be taken as a motto for the journal which Miss Moore served so brilliantly as managing editor. Its humor, like its passion and its magnificent intelligence, was a coefficient of the very seriousness it espoused.

It might conceivably be possible to assemble a poor anthology from the pages of *The Dial*, but offhand it is difficult to see how. Still, the richness and variety of the material permit of many different kinds of selection, not every one of which would convey the peculiar tone and complexity of *The Dial's* outlook. William Wasserstrom's *Miscellany* is excellent not only in its choice of poems and stories by famous names – no hard task here – but also in representing the characteristic attitudes of the journal and its editors. He has included some of the expected pieces – Eliot's early version of "The Hollow Men," Yeats' "Among School Children," Crane's "To Brooklyn Bridge" – but for the most part has sought out those miscellaneous works by the great and less great contributors which give us *The Dial's* authentic voice. Here is a "London Letter" in which Eliot discusses *Le Sacre du printemps*, carefully separating the music from the production ("The spirit of the music was modern, and the spirit of the ballet was primitive ceremony. . . . In everything in the *Sacre du printemps*, except in the music, one missed the sense of the present"). Here is Yvor Winters on the Poetry of Mina Loy ("She moves like one walking through granite instead of air, and when she achieves a moment of beauty it strikes one cold"), and William Carlos Williams reviewing Miss Moore's *Observations* ("In painting, Ingres realized the essentiality of drawing and each perfect part seemed to float free from his work, by itself. There is much of this that applies beautifully to Miss Moore"). Kenneth Burke on Spengler, Albert Barnes on Renoir, Dos Passos on *The Enormous Room*, Gilbert Seldes on *The Great Gatsby*, Bertrand Russell on *The Meaning of Meaning*, Eliot on I. A. Richards' *Science and Poetry* and Richards on Hopkins, "Letters" from Germany and Spain, respectively, by Thomas Mann and Oretga y Gasset, the art chronicles of Henry McBride and the music criticism of Paul Rosenfeld – this is some of the regular *Dial* fare that Professor Wasserstrom has brought together.

But the historical significance of *The Dial* as an institution lies beyond this glittering array of names. Wasserstrom

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Infinite Zero"

"H. G. Wells once wrote a tragicomic fantasy about a corpulent man who magically lost a lot of weight instead of fat, and had to sew lead weights to his underwear to save himself from ballooning away. Zero Mostel, the circular star of the lightweight Broadway musical-comedy hit 'A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,' keeps his feet securely on the ground with the esthetic ballast of graphic art. Some people think of Mostel as a comedian who paints. But he is really more than that: Mostel is a painter who acts."

From a recent Newsweek Art column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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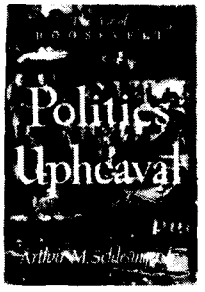

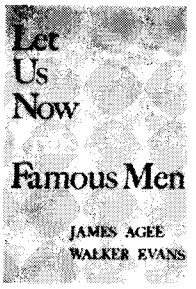

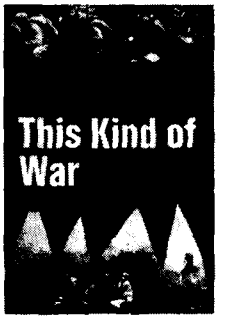

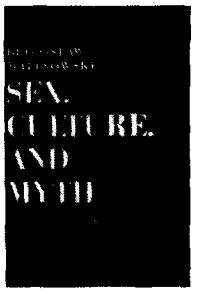

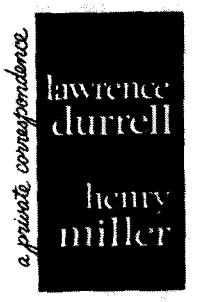

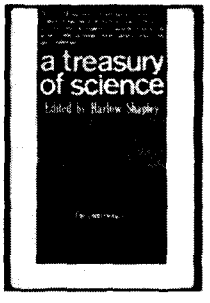

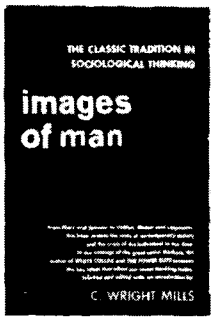

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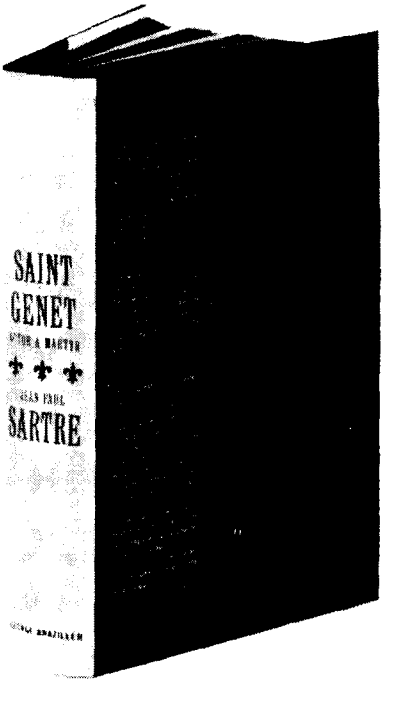

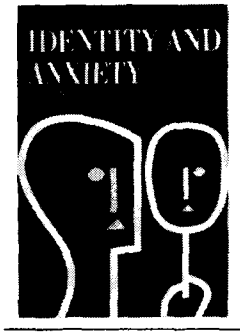

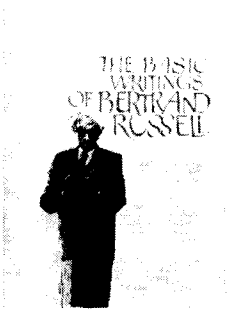

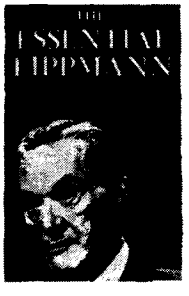

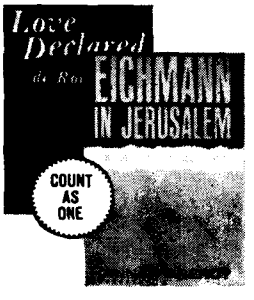

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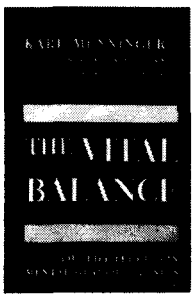

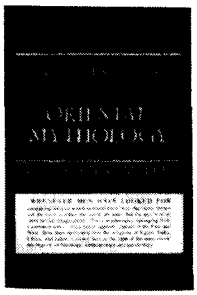

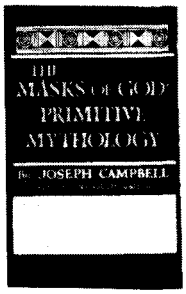

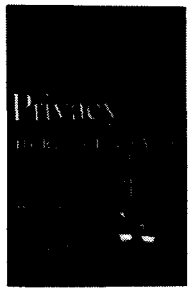

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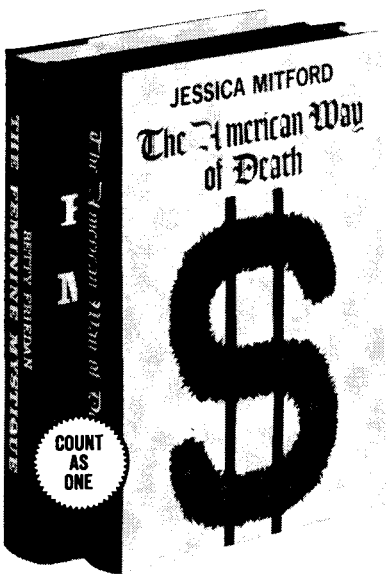

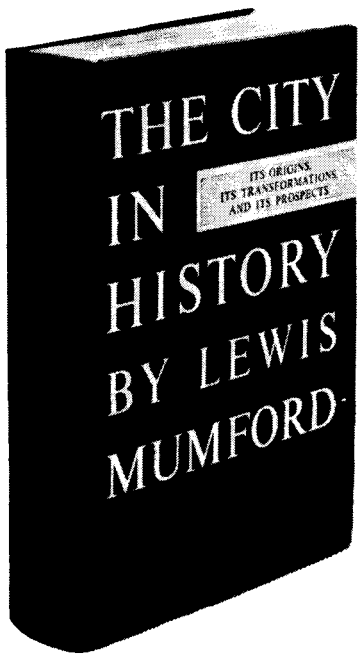

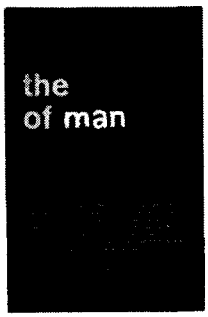

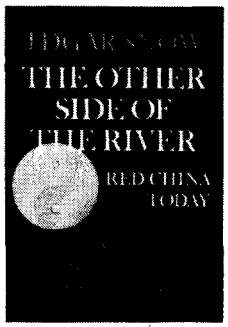

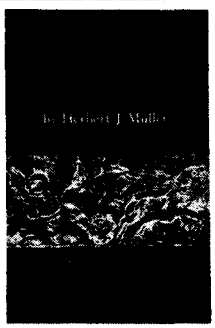
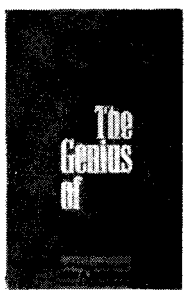

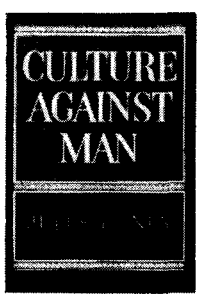

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writes in his introduction to the *Miscellany*: "Thayer and Watson seemed to speak for a new generation of intellectuals who, disenchanted by dreams of utopia, preferred to substitute the values of art for the values of politics." Of the three principal influences at work on the literary and intellectual achievements of the twenties in this country – the First World War, the Russian Revolution, and the modern movement in the arts – *The Dial* addressed itself primarily to the last. It represents, in fact, the first full-scale attempt to treat modernism, not as a battle to be won but as the accepted culture of the educated class in this country. Its success in this audacious venture was, in large measure, traceable to the fact that for Thayer and Watson the great modern works did indeed form their personal culture, and they were determined to publish "the sort of writing we liked to read and the sort of pictures we liked to see." They did not postulate a hypothetical audience and then, in the manner of so many editors today, prostrate themselves before its imaginary tastes. They were informed, intelligent, and discriminating, and they published for their peers.

The Dial's commitment to modernism was, in effect, a commitment to European art and letters and to the one realm – poetry, and the discussion of poetry – in which the Americans were equal to the work of their European counterparts. A fair amount of good American prose appeared in *The Dial* – and American art too – but the values which the journal upheld were realized, on this side of the Atlantic, primarily by our poets. Thus, the role that Miss Moore played in *The Dial's* success had a significance beyond the biographical. The twenties was the greatest single epoch in the history of American poetry, and in Miss Moore, one of the finest talents of that glorious period, *The Dial* had an editor who was able to make the magazine an integral part of that history.

To a large extent – larger perhaps than the editors of *The Dial* ever dreamed – what they assumed as an act of faith has now been realized. Modernism *is* the established culture of the educated and the miseducated alike. But something has obviously gone wrong. The price that modernism has paid for its official position is a stiff one: the price of academization. We catch a rather lugubrious glimpse of the results in the book that Wasserstrom has written to accompany his anthology.

Nothing could more dramatically mark the distance that separates the luminous atmosphere of *The Dial* from the gray receivership of the academy – an academy that now dotes on the modern movement as one of its most prized acquisitions – than *The Time of The Dial*. The difference makes itself felt straightaway in the author's stupefying style, a fardel of pretensions and turgidities which under any conditions would be a trial to read but which, after the pleasures of *A Dial Miscellany*, is a positive torture. For the *Miscellany* Professor Wasserstrom has provided an introduction, which, while never eloquent, is none the less serviceable. In writing *The Time of The Dial*, however, he has suffered a total occlusion of intellectual modesty. Let no one be so naïve as to suppose that the "time" referred to in the title of this dreadful little book is the decade in which *The Dial* was actually published. Wasserstrom is out for bigger game, and has undertaken to write a study of what he calls the "prophetic imagination" in the years 1910-60. Nothing is quite real in *The Time of The Dial* – neither art nor politics, for everything is melted down in a crucible called "culture" where it need no longer be identified or experienced in its individual quiddity.

Some useful bits of information about *The Dial* are buried in this book, but for the most part it is another of those smarmy academic studies that puts out, one by one, the brilliant lights that attracted the author to the subject in the first place. It would be interesting to know for whom such books are written. On the internal evidence, certainly, Mr. Wasserstrom seems unable to assume that his readers have read the writers whose work he constantly invokes without ever quite confronting. It is all a very long way from the buoyant and confident air of *The Dial*, and the direction is not up.

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Scent of fear"

"The scent of fear hung over the sun-kissed island where legend says Aphrodite arose from the sea. Gutted houses lined the dusty roads of Cyprus and in the capital city of Nicosia, surrounded by its fourteenth-century wall, Greeks and Turks alike mourned their dead. Between them, establishing a *cordon sanitaire*, fresh-faced youngsters of the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Sherwood Foresters stood welcome guard in narrow, winding streets where only a few brief years ago they had been the hated enemy."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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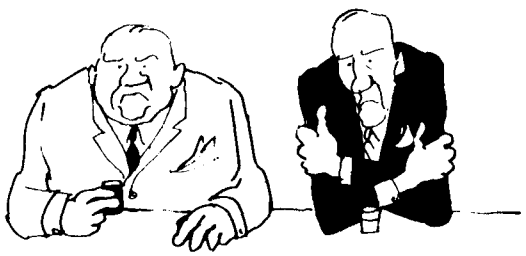
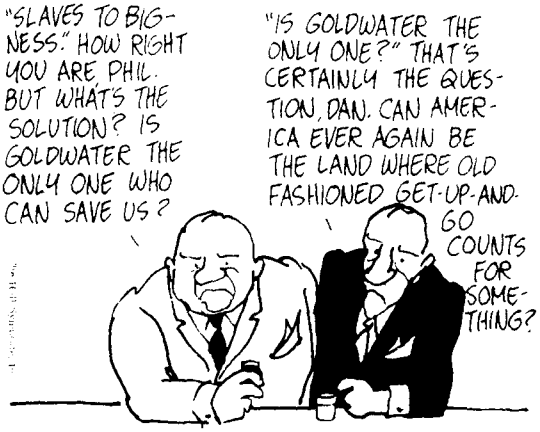
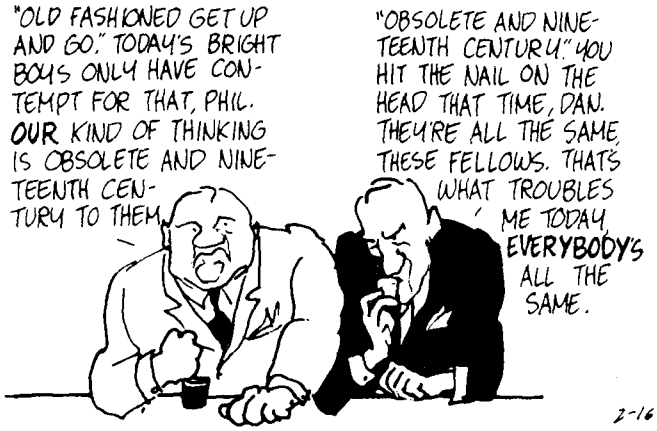
JULES FEIFFER

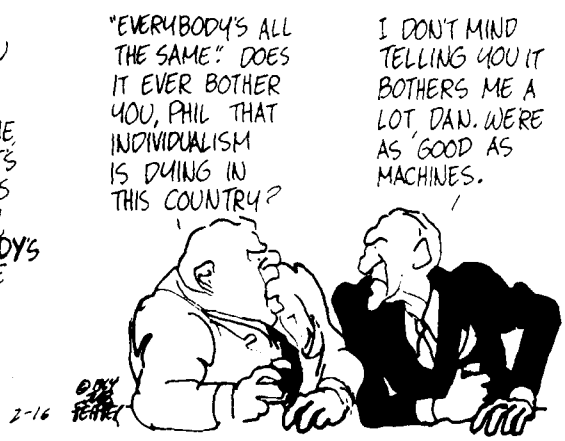


DOES IT EVER BOTHER YOU, PHIL THAT INDIVIDUALISM IS DYING IN IN THIS COUNTRY?
I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU IT BOTHERS ME A LOT, DAN. WE'RE AS GOOD AS MACHINES.

"AS GOOD AS MACHINES". THAT'S UNDER-STATING IT, PHIL. THE TROUBLE IS WE'RE **NOT** AS GOOD AS MACH-INES.
"NOT AS GOOD AS MACHINES." THAT SAUS IT FOR ME, DAN. THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE TODAY— WE'VE BECOME SLAVES TO BIGNESS.


"SLAVES TO BIG-NESS." HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, PHIL. BUT WHAT'S THE SOLUTION? IS GOLDWATER THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE US?
"IS GOLDWATER THE ONLY ONE?" THAT'S CERTAINLY THE QUES-TION, DAN. CAN AMER-ICA EVER AGAIN BE THE LAND WHERE OLD FASHIONED GET-UP-AND-GO COUNTS FOR SOME-THING?


"OLD FASHIONED GET UP AND GO." TODAY'S BRIGHT BOYS ONLY HAVE CON-TEMPT FOR THAT, PHIL. **OUR** KIND OF THINKING IS OBSOLETE AND NINE-TEENTH CEN-TURY TO THEM.
"OBSOLETE AND NINE-TEENTH CENTURY." YOU HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD THAT TIME, DAN. THEY'RE ALL THE SAME, THESE FELLOWS. THAT'S WHAT TROUBLES ME TODAY, **EVERYBODY'S** ALL THE SAME.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Our Bitter Tea and How We Brewed It

by Charles Burton Marshall

A State Department hierarch's recent speech on China policy drew wide notice not for any novelty of content but by the mere fact of being uttered. The topic is mostly ignored now at the Capitol and hardly noted in the public prints except in connection with the annual rite of saving the Nationalist regime's franchise at the UN. Times have indeed changed! A dozen or fifteen years ago the issue had a power, unmatched in the annals of US foreign affairs, for undermining reputations, discrediting prophets, blasting careers, touching off Congressional donnybrooks, and diverting time and zeal from more amenable concerns. Without it, the McCarthy episode could scarcely have occurred, and the Democrats would probably have been spared an eight-year banishment from the White House.

America's Failure in China: 1941-50
by Tang Tsou
(Chicago; $12.50)

The present quiescence signifies not a solved problem but rather a chastened mood. As a domestic trouble-maker, the issue was defused at last by the Korean War. The event involved a Democratic Administration in securing the Nationalist position on Formosa despite a theoretic preference for staying unentangled. It revealed Republicans as really having nothing better than the Democrats, besides rhetoric, for dealing with the China problem. Adversity has raised the quality while depressing the volume of relevant discourse. Few feel confident now of having anything novel, helpful, or even cogently critical to say. None hints anymore of regarding the Chinese Reds as reform-minded and inherently tractable backlanders, and nobody much tries now to argue from a premise of Washington's power to settle the destiny of a great distant land and alien people by a turn of the hand and a few supplies at no military risk whatever.

Tang Tsou's *America's Failure in China: 1941-50* takes the perplexed course of China policy up to the onset of the stalemate which developed after the Communists twice and the US once got caught short in trying to reunify Korea by military means. Notwithstanding the title date, its account begins with Secretary John Hay's origin of the Open Door Policy in 1899 – likewise an instance of gap between purpose and wherewithal. The point in common between the terminal events – the folly of setting up goals beyond one's margins – is hammered at throughout. Tsou, focusing on the concept of power in international affairs, never lets the reader forget the moral, which is one hard to overdo.

Some persons in high places, I know, demur to a reproach implicit in the title word *Failure*, questioning the justice of holding US policy accountable for courses in so distant and intractable an area. It is not much of a point. The United States did make a big thing out of China policy for a half century only to wind up with a record of miscalculations, of goals lost, and of goals realized with a vengeance, as in the instance of the ironically achieved vision of a unified and autonomous China with a place of its own among the powers – a goal vaunted in World War II to buck up a desperate ally.

Post-war policy makers had the Nationalist regime's number and understood the futility of trying to bail it out. Their opponents comprehended the Communists and the perils of acquiescing in their takeover. The great debate over China polarized around two half-truths, which never combined into a coherent solution. Maybe none was achievable. No law of history, to my knowledge, ordains a ready answer to every problem. China gave Americans their first unequivocal lesson in the limits of policy – one of the causes for all the rancor.

Tsou eschews the rancor and seeks to ladle out blame equitably. In general seeking no villains, he too lightly lets off one or two scalawags as deceived rather than deceiving. On the other hand, he rather overdoes Chiang Kai-shek's culpability in the Nationalist collapse by taking him at a potentate's face value rather than in the measure of his all too finite real capacity in a situation well out of hand.

Neither the in-group nor its critics comes off very well in Tsou's accounting of US policy incident to the collapse. However comprehensible this Government's inhibition about salvaging the Nationalist cause at the price of military involvement, it is hard now to make a case for its providence in view of the costly sequel in Korea. The critics, in any event, defaulted on the real issue and stuck to the fiction of staving off the Red takeover without running any military risk.

The best of Tsou's book is its analysis of intellectual and emotional aspects of the China story. Not only national interests but also personal pride and faith were injured. Americans characteristically had made a pet of China – a sort of land of heart's desire. Missionaries envisioned it on the verge of conversion. Freethinkers liked its prevailing agnosticism. Individualists admired the Chinese for individualism, while collectivists saw them as ideally fitted for a humane socialism. China has been hard on its familiars and interpreters.

The Military and Society in Latin America

BY JOHN J. JOHNSON

What has happened, and what is likely to happen, as the military responds to the sweeping changes taking place throughout Latin America. $7.00

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Even the Middle East has not outdone it in demonstrating the hazards of area expertise in relation to foreign policy.

A few relevant official items are, I am sure, still secreted in the US archives. The documents from the other side may never become available. Within the practical limits imposed by these withholdings, Dr. Tsou appears not to have missed a thing. A native of China, the author professes political science at the University of Chicago. At his naturalization hearing a few years ago, an examining officer put a question on the tenets of Marxism. The range of the answer – exploring dialectical materialism, class war, labor theory of value, and all the rest – overwhelmed the examiner, who promptly disqualified the applicant. It took a lot of doing to get the ruling reversed. The thoroughness which almost deprived the US of a good citizen is the chief virtue of a first-rate diplomatic history, which requires close attention and much time of the reader.

Our Quarrel with Castro

by Gabriel Kolko

Cuba: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere does not conform to popular notices on Cuba. But in their cool dissection of the history of US-Cuban relations from 1958 to the invasion of April 1961, based on all available US and Cuban printed records, radio transcripts, and numerous interviews with Cubans, from Che Guevara down, Maurice Zeitlin and Robert Scheer have written a book

Cuba: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere
by Maurice Zeitlin and Robert Scheer
(Grove; $.95)

that will irritate official circles and win the admiration of those who want an accurate record.

The authors describe the poverty of the Cuban countryside prior to the revolution, the one-crop economy, the extent of US economic penetration, and the history of Cuba as an American dependency. Castro's 26th of July movement, ambiguous and non-dogmatic in its approach, with a history of hostility to and from the Cuban Communist Party, was clear on one point: it was dedicated to an imprecisely defined new economic deal for Cuba. "The Cuban Revolution is, above all, a revolution for economic development." And, ultimately, the State Department, unable to accept equality with a former satellite and guided by its desire to preserve US investments in Cuba, came into direct conflict with the goals of the revolution.

The authors show that the Cuban revolutionaries faced important US hostility the moment they took over in January 1959. They were perplexed by American press and Congressional aversion toward the trials of Batista's henchmen, trials inhibiting direct action by a population seeking revenge for years of terror which had, in turn, evoked no murmur of indignation in Washington. The State Department itself remained aloof during the first five months of 1959, both from the trials and from Castro's inept but genuine attempts to get economic aid. Its hostility emerged only after Cuba's Agrarian Reform Act of May 17, 1959, threatened to expropriate US investments in Cuban sugar lands. The State Department's June 11 note to Cuba, while insisting this government was not opposed to land reform, rejected the terms of the new law and failed to indicate acceptable alternatives, putting the US in opposition to Castro's plans for land reform and economic development. From this time on, the authors maintain, "The crux of the dispute between

"IT WAS A QUIET WEEK. *The Zanzibar revolution turned out to have Cuban elements, and we know how to handle Cuba, don't we? Sukarno promised to limit his war to the three or four hundred million people most intimately involved in it. A mere handful of Americans were assaulted in the Congo. France recognized Red China. Guerilla conflicts in Burma. President Johnson declared war — on poverty. Peaceful coexistence with it would have been unthinkable.*"

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LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The judges for the 1964 National Book Awards are reading widely to find the books that they will choose in March as the most distinguished books by American authors published in the United States during 1963. Some of the books they find most outstanding are listed below:

POETRY

At the End of the Open Road LOUIS SIMPSON Wesleyan
Collected and New Poems: 1924-1963 MARK VAN DOREN Hill and Wang
Moving Target W. S. MERWIN Atheneum
Selected Poems JOHN CROWE RANSOM Knopf
To Mix With Time MAY SWENSON Scribners
Judges: Jean Garrigue, Anthony Hecht, John Hall Wheelock

FICTION

The Centaur JOHN UPDIKE Knopf
The Group MARY McCARTHY Harcourt, Brace and World
Idiots First BERNARD MALAMUD Farrar, Straus
V THOMAS PYNCHON Lippincott
The Will HARVEY SWADOS World
Judges: John Cheever, Robie Macauley, Philip Rahv

OTHER

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life RICHARD HOFSTADTER Knopf
Apolinaire: Poet Among the Painters FRANCIS STEEGMULLER Farrar, Straus
Beyond the Melting Pot NATHAN GLAZER and DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN M.I.T.
Change, Hope and the Bomb DAVID E. LILIENTHAL Princeton
The Civil War SHELBY FOOTE Random
The Fabulous Life of Diego Rivera BERTRAM D. WOLFE Stein and Day
The Fire Next Time JAMES BALDWIN Dial
The First New Nation SEYMOUR M. LIPSET Basic Books
John Keats: The Making of a Poet AILEEN WARD Viking
John Keats WALTER JACKSON BATE Harvard
The Last Horizon R. F. DASMANN Macmillan
Man-Made America: Chaos or Control? CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD and BORIS PUSHKAREV Yale
The Quiet Crisis STUART UDALL Holt, Rinehart and Winston
The South and the Southerner RALPH McGILL Atlantic Monthly Press
Success Story: The Life and Times of S. S. McClure PETER LYONS Scribners
Wasp Farm HOWARD ENSIGN EVANS Natural History Press—Doubleday
Judges: *Arts and Letters*—Charles Rolo, John K. Sherman, Wylie Sypher
Science, Philosophy and Religion—Houston Peterson, Paul B. Sears, George Shuster
History and Biography—Benjamin DeMott, James Thomas Flexner, C. Vann Woodward

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of $1000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute.

Watch for announcement of the winners—Tuesday, March 10

Cuba and the United States was property."

Zeitlin and Scheer describe the subsequent crises over Florida-based air raids, the seizure of US property, and the conflict over US refineries processing Soviet oil. They detail how the Cubans attempted at the beginning of 1960 to normalize relations with Washington and to increase sugar exports, and the rebuffs. Three weeks after the Eisenhower Administration decided to ask Congress for authorizing legislation to cut Cuba's sugar quota, the Cubans themselves entered into a trade act with the Soviet Union.

Increased Cuban economic dependence on Russia as a result of American actions also radically altered the role of the Cuban Communist Party. The authors have a unique grasp of the history of the Cuban labor movement and Communist Party, and document the Party's early opposition to the 26th of July movement and its conflicts with Castro throughout 1959 – long after Castro was being accused in the US of having Communist tendencies. When, on March 17, 1960, President Eisenhower authorized the CIA to help prepare Cuban refugees to invade Cuba, the Communist Party was still a minor force, at least three major opposition papers were being published in Havana, Castro enjoyed enormous mass support, and Cuba had not even re-established diplomatic ties with the Soviet Union. Not until April 15, 1961, when the invasion of Cuba was imminent, did Castro refer to the Cuban revolution as "socialist."

If the authors do not adequately cover US efforts to close off Western outlets for Cuban sugar or the successful attempt to stop the sale of refinery parts or Mexican oil to Cuba, their outline of US-Cuban relations from July 1960 until the invasion is excellent. They appreciate the negative role the American election of 1960 had in making Cuba a football; their discussion of the inconsistencies and errors of fact in the State Department's White Paper of April 1961, intended to provide a justification for support of the invasion, will serve as a model of devastating but unemotional political analysis.

Zeitlin and Scheer are critical of Castro's timing on a number of key occasions and can hardly be considered

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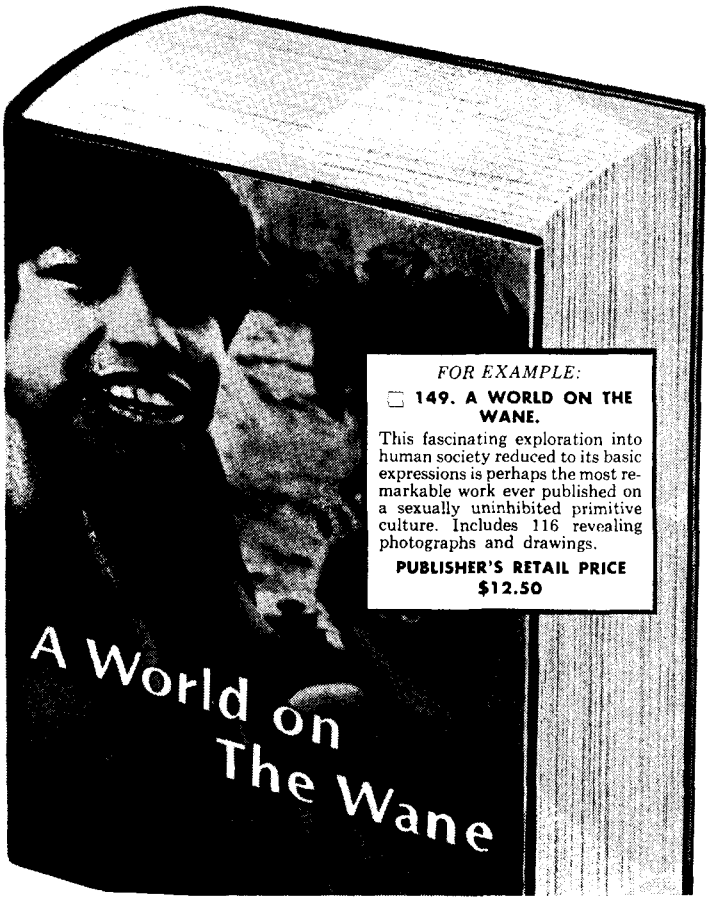

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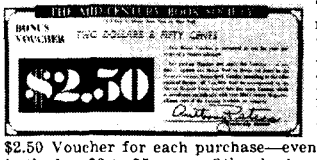

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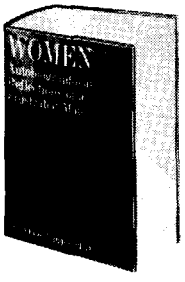

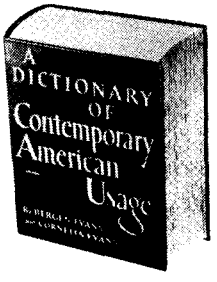

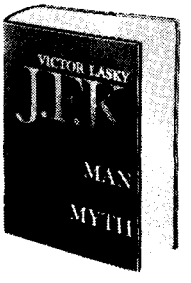

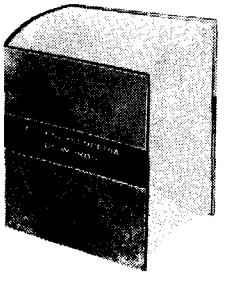

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slavish defenders of the revolution. They feel that what the US does will be crucial in determining the final form of the Cuban revolution, whether it be totalitarian or libertarian. Washington has, in effect, taken a "Chinese" stand on coexistence with Cuba. "Cuba is an American tragedy," claim the authors, and if America does not undo its damage the Cuban revolution will be forced to develop its totalitarian aspects to preserve itself. The evidence in *Cuba: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere*, hardly warrants optimism on this score.

ARCHITECTURE

Father and Son

Two towers distinguish the meager skyline of Columbus, Indiana; two pinnacles in the uncertain architecture of our time.

As you enter the town from one end, the view is dominated by a stark, soaring slab – the tower of Eliel Saarinen's Tabernacle Church of Christ. It was completed in 1942 and is one of the most outstanding accomplishments of this first generation modernist. If you drive into Columbus from the other direction, the most prominent feature on the silhouette is the flaring spire which crowns Eero Saarinen's North Christian Church. It will be dedicated this March, two and a half years after sudden death at fifty-one ended the greatest promise of modern architecture's second generation.

The Saarinens came to this country from Finland in 1923. Eliel was already famous in Europe. But his daring entry in the international competition for the Chicago *Tribune* Tower had won him second prize, $20,000 and an invitation to build a new career on new shores. He brought with him the modern concepts of design and architecture which had begun to seethe in Europe. Here there was only Frank Lloyd Wright who was in his own country at the time regarded as an eccentric rather than a prophet. It fell largely to the elder Saarinen to pave the way for the arrival and acceptance, some fifteen years later, of Walter Gropius, Mies van der Rohe and their doctrines. And he could do so all the better because he seemed to be far less revolutionary than he actually was. He practiced and taught functionalism and honest expression of structure not as a belligerent *Weltanschauung* but as an intrinsic element of his art. In Helsinki there had never been, as there was in Berlin, the tense and tortured sense of outrage at a world and a time out of joint nor any messianic urge to set it right. Finland is an outpost of European culture which can enjoy and advance the fruits of the heartland's artistic ferments without suffering them.

With such Northern detachment, but by no means without intensity, Eliel Saarinen could design buildings in this country that were uncompromisingly modern without giving offense to tradition. He could bring Carl Milles and his gay, sensuous statues to Cranbrook, the new art school he built and directed near Detroit, and no one in the stolid Midwest was particularly shocked. People enjoyed the beauty and freshness of both buildings and statues and forgot their novelty and modernity. They responded to the stark discipline and utter directness of the elder Saarinen's architecture because it is readily understood. It appears not as an intellectual experiment but somehow natural – all the more so as Saarinen brought from Finland a love of earthy, natural materials, mainly brick and stone.

The Tabernacle Church is such a building. It is a play of the simplest of contrasts: a cubic, horizontal nave set against a cubic, vertical tower. Everything converges into an experience of calm harmony. The essence of the building is restraint.

Eero Saarinen had helped with the design of the church. He was about thirty then, the restless crown prince in his father's office, with whom he remained associated until the old master died in 1950. But never for a moment did Eero merely assume the kingdom of his father's art. Nor did he feel bound to its doctrines. We might have stayed with cubic, structural expression, as, under the predominant influence of Mies' glass and steel enclosures, it settled for a brief moment on what became known as the "international style." And we might have been the better for it. But our time is restless and our only constant is the constancy of change. Eero felt, as did others of his generation, that this architecture "is in danger of falling into a mold too quickly – too rigid a mold." He set out to search for new forms, to conquer new territory.

What impressed you about Eero was the way he never ceased to probe and explore, never satisfied, never once repeating himself. He kept venturing recklessly and relentlessly, but always first with his mind. He, too, to be sure, sketched sudden spontaneous visions on the back of old envelopes. But the actual creation was for him, in LeCorbusier's words, "a patient search."

He had wanted to be a sculptor, following his mother's vocation. For a year he studied at the Grande Chaumiére in Paris. But then he took up architecture after all and went to Yale where, as in all American architecture schools at

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that time, he had to apply himself to the ornaments and shades and shadows of Beaux Arts Classicism. His school work was reportedly brilliant.

But he remained largely the sculptor, his forms leading him from the previous generation's expression of structure to structural expressionism. He chose to enter a sculptural symbol rather than an architectural monument in the national competition for the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial in St. Louis, Missouri. Eliel had also entered. The jury's telegram was addressed merely to "Saarinen." Eero got out the champagne to toast his father. The glasses rang once more and father toasted son when it turned out that the soaring stainless steel arch, soon to be completed, had won Eero's first independent triumph.

Subsequent triumphs followed in rapid succession but you will have to *know* they are Eero Saarinen's. There is no personal characteristic, as in the work of his father, no individual style that easily reveals its author. But the best of his buildings have a quality that Eero once said make a building great – "one man's unique combination of faith and honesty and beliefs in architecture, in short, his moral integrity."

Eero Saarinen's architecture, it has been said, is pragmatic. All of the second generation modern architecture is. The first had sought to establish a universally valid new aesthetic. It was determined and restrained by the geometric limitations of post and beam, the rigidity of stone and steel. Now technology is breaking these restraints. The new reinforced concrete shell structures are almost as plastic as putty. You can create any form just as you can smear anything on canvas. And many architects do it in a quest not for truth but for "self-realization" and novelty. We are creating a "playboy architecture," said Sigfried Giedion.

Eero, too, joined the fun and in many respects led it. He broke the mold, as he had clearly intended to do. Expression is crucial, he said. But he never said or practiced mere self-expression. His art served, as all real art must, a cause greater than his ego. "How can the whole building convey emotionally its purpose and meaning?" he asked. His, in the end, was the impulse to create symbols in the form of monuments.

His General Motors Technical Center, in the severe, geometric idiom of Mies but more lively and dramatic than Mies' austere campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology, remains a symbol of the sleek industrial products. It is contrasted by the MIT chapel, sculptured emotion captured in rough, earthy brick. At the Concordia Colleges, Fort Wayne, Indiana, he gave an entire theological campus such spiritual atmosphere, much as Feininger might have painted a Scandinavian village. At London, with the US embassy, he encountered his most severe struggle to adjust a forceful 20th-Century building to an almost hallowed, historic square. Most people feel that he failed and there was an awful row. He tried to create "stateliness and formality," and designed it to match the essential characteristic of London's predominant architecture. This, he found, because its Portland stone is stained by age, soot, wind and rain, is a dramatic black and white. Time and the elements have already mellowed both critics and building.

If the embassy is restrained classic, the TWA terminal at Idlewild, with its whirling curves chasing each other, is rampant effervescent, baroque, resembling an abstraction of a bird poised for flight. The Yale dormitories, however, are somewhat gloomy in their Gothic, monastic spirit. But this spirit is not affectation, stage set or pastiche. The buildings are, as Saarinen had meant them to be, *colleges*, not mere standardized motels. But at Holmdel, New Jersey, at the Bell Laboratories, just recently completed, and the CBS skyscraper, in Manhattan, to be completed early in 1965, Eero Saarinen returned to crystaline, Miesean boxes, distilling, as it were, his GM Tech Center buildings to even more austere simplicity, to glassy containers of a scientifically controlled environment.

The best of them all is that soaring, brawny sculpture, the Dulles airport terminal near Washington. Its enormous pylons strain forward to grasp its sweeping roof, piercing it to gain a stronger hold from above. With all its audacity it expresses both the excitement of air travel and the dignity a

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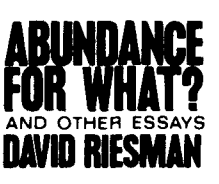

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gateway to the national capital ought to have. Again, Saarinen consciously, rationally *meant* the building to express both. Yet this expression is not put on, not a mere facade or outer shell. Dulles is also, so far, the most efficient and convenient airport in the world. Saarinen "thought out the whole thing carefully" and came up with the innovation of the mobile lounge to save you miles of walking. In its structure and efficiency the building is functional through and through. Here, as elsewhere in Saarinen's work and so rarely in modern architecture, the expression is the result of the total design. It's all of one piece.

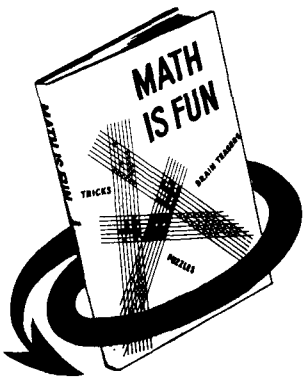
And that's how it is with the North Christian Church in Columbus, Indiana. In spirit it has much the same qualities as Eliel Saarinen's masterpiece. In form it is startlingly different – as different as the Taj Mahal is from the Parthenon. But the difference, in contrast to many of the startling new buildings going up around us, lies not in a mere veneer of grilled "delight" or in structural acrobatics.

Eero's church is all sculpture, all slate-covered roof. The nave is a cone of angular planes elegantly culminating into a spire that reaches into the sky. The structure, enclosing a soaring interior space with the altar in the center, is elevated on a high podium.

Eero Saarinen gave the congregation several reasons for this. Today's "church plant" with its sprawling Sunday schools, good-fellowship halls, kitchens, gymnasiums, recreation rooms and whatnot, he said, have reduced the church itself to an insignificant, almost forgotten little thing. He therefore swept all these facilities below and built his sanctuary above them. Climbing the outside stairs, he said, would make the worshippers aware of the building's special and spiritual qualities. And, on a flat Indiana site, it would proudly rise above the surrounding houses and parked cars.

"Our architecture is too humble," Eero Saarinen once said. "It should be prouder, more aggressive, much richer and larger than we see it today. I would like to do my part in expanding that richness." He did.

WOLF VON ECKARDT



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FILMS

A Fine Italian Hand

Filmgoers are not often aware of how much they owe film importers. It cannot be seriously questioned that the best films of the post-war years have come from abroad; and many of the better ones have not made money in this country; it is due to the importers' taste and initiative that we have seen these pictures. They are of course businessmen, not philanthropists; they have

The Fiancés
(Janus)

– all of them – imported inferior pictures and obvious trash. Also, it would be easy to list 50 foreign films of the last 10 years that were interestingly reviewed abroad and have never been shown here at all. But, after all these stipulations, the debt remains, and, proportionately, to no firm more than to Janus Films.

Janus brought the first Antonioni to this country, are solely responsible for bringing Bergman here and persisting with him; they imported the early Fellini (*White Sheikh* and *I Vitelloni*), the second part of Eisenstein's *Ivan*, Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*, have just released the fascinating Pinter film *The Guest*, and in spite of the financial failure (so far) of Ermanno Olmi's first film *The Sound of Trumpets*, have just presented his second, *The Fiancés*. Lesser works are certainly on their list, but here, in my view, are some solid reasons for gratitude.

The Sound of Trumpets was a lyric but reticent work about a youth disappearing into the maw of a giant Milanese corporation, pathetically happy to be swallowed. Its derivations, in viewpoint and film technique, were clear; but just as clear were the immediacy of the theme to the author and its evolution through his temperament and gifts. The self-confidence to hold fast to familiar material was amply justified by the personal and poignant use he made of it.

His second picture, one of the best

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at the recent New York Festival, shows enrichment of style and furthers his theme. His story is a familiar one in Italian life. When I mentioned the title to a friend who has lived in Italy, he guessed the subject immediately. A betrothed Milanese couple, certainly in their late twenties, are unable to marry for lack of money. He is a skilled welder, and his company assigns him to a new plant in Sicily. He must accept the job because it is a rare opportunity, even though it means separation for a couple of years. The girl is desolate because she fears it means the end between them. He assures her that this will not be true.

Most of the film – which could not be simpler – is taken up with the facts and feelings of their separation. We go with the man to Sicily – which, to a Northerner, is almost a foreign country. It is a company town, and though nothing is bad there, everything is cheerless: the antiseptic company hotel where he first stays, the bus to the plant, the *pensione* where later he has a plyboard cubicle. In his busy but lonely routine the man fights quietly and without conscious heroism to maintain his person: as he does his work, plays boyish pranks with other grown men in the hotel, walks on Sundays through the hot flat countryside, sits on a curb, strolls (like the lonely dog we see) into a church. Through all this, his sustenance is the girl, in her letters and in his thoughts. One Sunday he goes to the expense of telephoning her, to reassure himself and her. Then he goes for a walk and is caught in a summer storm. He shelters himself in a doorway, alone but, we feel, alive. And the film ends: suddenly but complete.

Summaries of Olmi's films may make them sound a bit arty and sketchy, but they are in fact strong, warm, and *continuous*. His perception of reality is intense but he treats it with a fertile imagination not satisfied with documentation, and he uses the techniques of neo-realism more tellingly than anyone since the first post-war De Sica and Rossellini films. His casting is acute. Carlo Cabrini, the man, has a stolid but sweet face, capable of the self-concern that is assurance to a woman that she is getting a man, not a sop, yet without the egotism that derogates her. The woman, Anna Canzi, has a face that ranges in expression from the long-nosed headachy opening shots where she looks like a girl with perennial indigestion to the bloom of her natural Italian beauty. She is, of course, both persons.

Olmi has, in the best sense, put them at their ease and has eased their essences on to film. As for his skill, I suggest that the opening of *The Fiancés* can stand as a high example of sophisticated and subtle direction that results in an effect of exhilarating clarity. It begins in a dance hall, reminiscent of the cold New Year's Eve party in his first picture. The camera moves from one group to another, then seems to decide to tell us the story of this particular pair. We see at once that there is some strain between them; and as she takes a giant pill and refuses to dance and he finds another partner, flashbacks reveal, with elliptical finesse, their relationship and their trouble. There is also a taut short sequence in which, because he is leaving, the man puts his old father in a home. Olmi is admirably sure about what to leave out. These first twelve or fourteen minutes are – not to disparage the rest of the film – a little miracle of construction.

As we might expect, he makes the most pictorially of the salt-flats and windmills and drab houses of this district of Sicily. His personal style soars again in the way he handles the exchange of letters between the lovers. The first letter that the man receives, he reads in silence, with no cliché soundtrack of the girl's voice. With other letters, we go in his imagination to dream scenes where he sees her speaking the words of the letters and to recreations of things she describes, all touched with delicacy, all conveying a sense that the director himself is on the verge of tears. On the verge, only. It is that quiet suggestion – maintained exquisitely throughout – that makes his film so extraordinarily affecting.

In this second film Olmi seems less concerned with the enmity of the machine age for the human spirit, more with the way humanity tries to persist through it. (Much is made of the slowness of the "natural" Sicilians' adjustment to industrial life. When the plant was opened, the Sicilian workers – used

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to farming – stayed home on rainy days. When a Sicilian girl comes for a job interview, her entire family accompanies her.) Olmi is presumably saying that the concrete runnels exist and these men must traverse them; but from the supervisors to the workmen, there is some consciousness of this fact, which was not true of his first film. The betrothal protracted by poverty, the couple separated by conventions of the era, is not a 20th-Century invention. (See Manzoni.) It was possible to endure difficulties before, it may still be possible. Olmi seems to be telling us that the grim industrial plant is being sanctified, if not softened, by the spirit of the men who pass through it.

To end with my beginning, I believe that those who see Olmi's films will be as grateful as I am to Janus for continuing to bring them to us. I hope that there will soon be more of his work for them to continue with. He moves through film like a bird through the air.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

ART

Government in Art

The discussion of art-and-government recently begun in these pages, if it is ever to amount to anything, must eventually note that the subject is neither academic nor hypothetical. There already is a good deal of government involvement in art. There is a good deal more of government involvement in non-art that would be improved if it were shifted to art. Government buildings are the most notable example. You have to get all those clerks in out of the rain: why not get them into genuine architecture instead of, as at present, merely into shelter? Furthermore, there is an old law which permits a tiny percentage of the cost of new buildings to be spent on painting and sculpture. The law is largely disregarded, presumably because builders like Ambassador McCloskey find more urgent uses for the funds placed at their disposal. Furthermore again, even when the law is taken advantage of, the membership of the National Sculpture Society still has an effective strangle-hold on most art-for-government that is done. This purely informal arrangement is one of the most concrete and lasting effects of McCarthyism: the members are nothing if not loyal, and about fifteen years ago it was demonstrated to the apparently permanent satisfaction of Congress – and therefore to that of agencies which get their appropriations from Congress – that any American artist not a member of the Society is a conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy. The Society in fact contains a number of first-rate sculptors and as a group it is retaining knowledge of sculptural methods that would be lost forever if their preservation were up to institutions dedicated to the last cry. But somehow the best Society members do not come up with the best government commissions, and somehow government work is still confined to a kind of stylized neo-classic manner. We haven't officially found out about Rodin, let alone Lipchitz.

Another area of government involvement in art is postage, and there has been some small progress there. The first step was to cut back on the sheer number of commemorative issues, which used to come out like the daily paper and are now down to about 15 a year. This allows more attention to what is done. There have been very decent stamps containing fragments of paintings by Remington, Homer and Audubon. More important has been the effort to get special stamps specially designed by artists. It isn't as easy as it may seem. There is a complex of technical conditions most artists are completely unaware of. But efforts have been made, the most successful to date certainly being last year's science commemorative designed by Antonio Frasconi. There was easy, friendly and fruitful cooperation between the Post Office Department and at least two separate, small committees of art consultants. The first of these came up with half a dozen artists, whom the department commissioned, for money, to make designs. The second collaborated

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with Mr. Day in selecting Frasconi's design as the winner.

Here, then, are two areas of government activity having to do with art, regardless of whether either government or art regards the relationship as desirable. In the first, the artists are, in effect if not officially, asked if they believe in the gods of bland mediocrity. In the second, they are not. The laudable style of the second situation came about through steady propaganda from the art world, but the same kind of propaganda, including some on this page from time to time, hasn't been able to dent the first situation. It is just possible that the existence of a National Arts Foundation could.

Government involvement in the arts as such already exists, too. The National Gallery of Art is the outstanding example in the visual arts. The building was the gift to the nation of Andrew Mellon and the pictures have come from him and from other benefactors, but the staggering operation – which includes a concert series and a lecture program as well as the best museum maintenance system in the country – is largely government issue.

The pattern there set is one of cooperation between the state and the private donor. It arose from a very special circumstance and could very easily not have arisen at all. A somewhat more reliable guide and possible pattern for future government assistance to the arts may be found in the Smithsonian's Traveling Exhibition Service. Housed in the Smithsonian, the Service actually pays its own way, or most of its own way, through the collection of fees for the rental by small institutions all over the country of a wide variety of exhibitions. The Service is in direct competition with at least two privately operated collections of circulating shows, those of the Museum of Modern Art and the American Federation of Arts, but there have been no complaints of socialistic interference with free enterprise. Quite the contrary, the Service strengthens the position of the private art institution in its own community by providing – as do its competitors – a steady stream of high-quality exhibitions at a rental fee that is a fraction of the expense involved in starting from scratch. Indeed, in some places the art presence is entirely provided by the Service, with exhibitions hung in libraries, church halls and community centers.

Beyond that, the Service also operates on the highest of levels in an area difficult to arouse much fiscal enthusiasm for, among trustees and members of private art institutions, all of whom strongly favor oil painting over all other forms of art. The Service, for at least a decade, has been providing a series of old master drawing shows to circulate among the country's top museums. Here, it seems to me, is another part of a pattern for future government support of art. The drawing shows have been of immense value and have been uniformly hailed by all professionals who have come in contact with them. But they do not attract a great deal of private support even in non-profit institutions, because even there, there is a feeling for box-office, though often enough the "take" is only figures on an automatic counter.

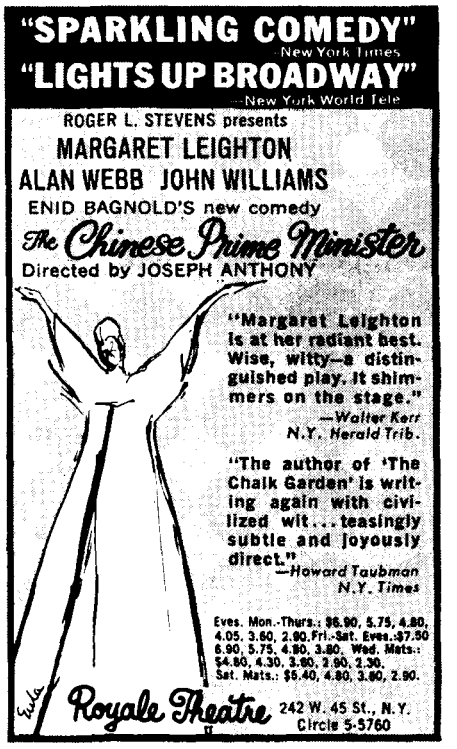
Two of the Service's major shows are now out in the country, 18th-Century Venetian drawings at the Los Angeles County Museum, and Turner water colors just opened at Cleveland. Both are from major foreign institutions, the Turners from the British Museum, the drawings from the Correr Museum in Venice. Both are stunning examples of the big loan the Service has negotiated with great success. Oddly enough, both are also continuations and support of the great specialty of our leading art history and museum school, the Fogg.

Private and public here fuse to the advantage of all, especially to that of the citizen interested in art.

FRANK GETLEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Edward T. Chase *is a free-lance consultant in economics.* George P. Elliott *is the author of "Among the Dangs" and other stories.* Philip Booth's *newest book of poem's is* The Islanders. Percy B. Mills *is the pseudonym of a former diplomat.* Hilton Kramer *was formerly art critic of* The Nation. Charles Burton Marshall *is the author of* The Limits of Foreign Policy. Asher Brynes *is writing a book about foreign aid.* Robert Coles *is a physician and psychologist.* Gabriel Kolko's *newest book is* Wealth and Power in America.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Correspondence

Administering Intergration

Sirs:

Alexander Bickel (January 4) emphasizes the judiciary's lack of fitness to resolve the administrative puzzles that must accompany any efforts to achieve school integration in a previously segregated system. Yet there is one type of administrative decision that the courts must not leave untouched – the decision that a particular facility or course need not be made available at a predominantly Negro school because only a few students may be expected to want it or benefit from it. School officials left to indulge in so obvious an expedient will almost certainly perpetuate the condition the *Brown* decision and, at heart, the equal protection clause were designed to erase.

If a child lives in a Negro ghetto because his forebears could not escape it, there is little, as Mr. Bickel points out, that a court can do to physically get him out. But if, because of that condition alone, he cannot choose to take trigonometry or is unable to supplement his biology course with training in the use of a microscope, the courts must, in the plain spirit of *Brown*, act. School administrators in New York and in Birmingham must be compelled to disburse their funds, staffs, and facilities so that all students have the same educational opportunity, no matter where they live, and no matter what school building they go to each day.

Louis M. Kauder
Arlington, Va.

The Press and Panama

Sirs:

The press of the United States has exhibited a deplorable misunderstanding during the last few weeks of the basic treaty relating to the construction, operation and defense of the Panama Canal. In view of the present disturbances it is the more distressing when writers of such high repute as Reinhold Niebuhr, in his piece in your issue of February 1 should have wandered so far astray from the facts.

Niebuhr said: ". . . We were the first to recognize their [Panama's] independent nationhood. We built the Canal on their territory, and subsequently signed the now disputed treaty with them giving us a perpetual lease."

The fact is that the treaty was agreed to soon after Panama's independence was recognized and our forces began the construction of the Canal, which required ten years for its completion, some months *after* the treaty was signed.

More importantly, the treaty did not give the United States a "perpetual lease" of the Canal Zone but *granted*, not leased, "all the rights, power and authority . . . which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory . . . to the exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such rights, power or authority." This language is clear and explicit and these terms were mutually recognized in the 1936 and 1955 treaties between Panama and the United States.

It is hard to understand how Mr. Niebuhr could have been misled into making his statement that ". . . the territory of the Canal is indubitably the property of Panama." The clear words of the treaty leave no room for such a conclusion.

Frank H. Wang
Menlo Park, Calif.

Infant Mortality in Sweden

Sirs:

Swedish welfare has frequently been hailed in your columns but to give us credit for an infant mortality rate 16 times lower than yours is too kind ("War on Poverty," December 28). It should read 1.6 times, the Swedish rate being about 15 per 1000.

Mario Pontio
Stockholm, Sweden

Taxes and Foundations

Sirs:

I have followed with interest the controversy over the Ford Foundation's grant for ballet (January 18, February 1). On one point Mr. Evett and his critics are in agreement: that "Ford Foundation money is in effect government money," because it originates from tax exempt gifts and sustains itself

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from tax-exempt income.

May I protest against this unanimous opinion? It seems to me worth insisting that Ford Foundation money is Ford Foundation money, in effect and in principle.

The government grants me tax deductions for my two young children. Does that mean the rearing of my children is being subsidized by government money? I think not. It is being paid for by *my* money. A tax exemption is not some kind of benign and magnanimous dispensation. It is as much a part of the taxation law as is the tax itself.

Many people seem to be under the impression that the government has original ownership of all the money in the country, and then in its wisdom decides to let the citizenry keep some part of it. The opposite strikes me as more in accord with both the real and the ideal.

Irving Kristol
New York, N.Y.

G J Nathan, PhD

Sirs:

In his reported last dialogue with George Jean Nathan (January 4) Charles Angoff tells us of his placing a word – at the behest of Nathan – with "the hierarchy at Harvard," to try and get him an honorary degree – protesting all the while that such a word would have little impact. And though his touting was unsuccessful:

> "Nathan did get an honorary degree (a Litt.D., I believe) from the University of Indiana, but he got it *in absentia*. He pleaded illness, but it was a diplomatic illness."

Contrary to Mr. Angoff's recollection, George Jean Nathan took his honorary doctorate *in propria persona*, at the Indiana University Commencement for the June, 1953 class – my class; along with another distinguished Hoosier, the physicist Harold Urey.

Thomas Moore Bond
San Francisco, California

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